Bite back

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Bite back

by MihaT

Summary

Will works for FBI. There is a killer and he is - of course - the only one who can catch them. Since he sacrificed his mind to Jack already, it seemes just fine to lend his body as well. Right?
Until some mistakes happened and nothing was the same anymore...

My vampire AU fic written a while ago, now posting for the Vampire Hannibal Fest :)

The work is finished, just too long to post it all at once ;-)

Notes

I have no beta etc. etc. so forgive me mistakes (also feel free to let me know about them) plz :)
Thank you and happy - bloody - reading to you all!

See the end of the work for more notes

Street workers

Chapter Summary

Will as a street worker is looking for a very special client - maybe more special than he ever thought...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

This was not for the first time that Will played games to catch a killer. He had done such a thing several times before - pretending to be a well-fitting victim or turning a killer mad. Making them come closer, reveal themselves.

On the other hand, it was his first time doing this in the so-called sexual industry.

While walking a street with some "other" prostitutes, he could not believe that Jack was actually able to talk him into this. Of course, the head of BAU had some good arguments... *Your special abilities will help you recognize potentially dangerous clients, you are fitting the victim profile, we have no traces and you are our only hope*. And of course his favorite: *Innocent people are in danger! They will die!*

Not that any of these was a complete lie. The serial killer they were looking for hunted in the area for years - as appeared. They moved there from another state and had been hunting yet in another one before. Sometimes they left a body behind, sometimes not. But no one had known that, no one had seen the connection... Until a favorite "escort guy" of one anonymous senator got killed last month. That was the sad truth; no one very much cared about missing street workers - until the problem became truly big. Things like that could easily lose in shadows of mass shootings, famous victims and a lot of not-so-important police work. People from streets are always disappearing in one way or another...

Even now, everything they have found out seemed so weak. Let's look at the victim profile, for example. It appeared that the killer was not picky at all. The only connection between victims they could identify was that all of them were selling their bodies. Despite it, they had a good physical condition. No diseases - sexual or others. And so, Will stood there - looking for suspicious clients, dying by embarrassment.

About 5 hours later, Will felt tired of refusing all the horny people who clearly were not their killer - but very interested in the "new meat". None of the victims' colleagues ever described FBI agents their last clients. Maybe that was not just the common *no talking with police* policy. Those communities learned to protect themselves. If anyone knew or suspected who the murderer is, no one would go with that person ever again. Which meant the killer had not

picked up victims there. Maybe on their way home, or immediately after they finished their previous client...

"Come on, Will!" A well-known voice laughed in his ear. "You don't look very attractive like this!" It was his colleague, Brian Zeller, who sat in a van parked across the street. Of course, Will was not alone there and he knew it. But sometimes that kind of company did not make him very happy.

"Shut up, Brian! It's too late for your stupid jokes... How long are we supposed to stay here today? And where's Bev?"

"You shouldn't talk that much, friend. Last time I checked it schizophrenia wasn't considered to be very sexy." Will finally laughed with him. "Bev just went out to get herself some food and coffee. Also, Jack said at least until midnight - though any further time would be welcomed."

"Nice... I'm gonna pee." Will knew where to go. There was that side lane, dirty and thin, where everyone went when such a need occurred.

"Agh, I'm dining here, ya know? Some information may remain personal..."

"Thought you are working with dead bodies?" Will grinned.

"And what about that? The dead don't tell me about their urine habits while I'm eating."

"All right, friend, all right. Hope you have something tasty." Will did not eat since this mission started - he could not. And hearing to Brian with full mouth right now seemed as desirable to him as hearing Will pee did to Brian… There was no doubt that this lane sometimes served as the cheapest replacement for a hotel room when clients nor the companions have not care. Luckily enough, no one was there for now. "Listen, Brian, do you mind if I put the communicator aside for a while? No one's here, I believe it's safe."

"Please, do," the van guy murmured. Will smiled as he tucked a finger into his ear and put the thing on an almost clean top of a nearby waste container. He did the same with the microphone and pretty much everything which kept interrupting his personal space at the time. At least for a while he really wanted to be fully alone.

"Damn, finally..." he whispered, then unzipped his pants and felt rarely good for the very moment. Very short moment because a voice distracted him without any warning.

"Are you free for an hour or two?"

"Fuck!" Will yelled without thinking, quickly putting his dick where it belonged. Where the heck had that man come from?! He could not hear a single step, anything at all before the voice spoke out right behind him. Awkwardly, Will pulled his boxers up.

"Yes, for some... fucking, if you like to call it like that. Don't tell me you are shy," the man laughed, friendly, before Will could even turn to him.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos and comments are love and you are awesome if you leave me some :)

PS: I have no real insight into the world of street workers - sorry for any inaccuracies.

One night stand

Chapter Summary

Who might be the well-dressed stranger Will met in that dirty lane? :)))

And is he the killer Will is looking for? If so, is it clever to follow him? Or is it just something Will has to do anyway?

We are getting closer to the actual vampire stuff ;-)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"I'm, um-" Will finally managed to zip up himself and turn around. The man surprised him once again as his outfit definitely did not belong to this dirty and smelly place. "I'm not, sir. And sorry for my word choice, I just didn't expect you... Anyone-"

"I'm sorry for scaring you. That wasn't my intention." The man could be about 50 years old, his short hair in shades of night lay in a perfect shape around his head with significant cheekbones and his eyes - despite poor lighting here - reminded the color of blood. Maroon, maybe? He wore the very expensive suit, probably tailored for him. Despite it, he did not look cocky. Rather, he tried to make Will feel equal - despite what he was supposed to be doing or where they met. On one hand that all could be considered very nice of him. On the other hand, something whispered to Will that this guy is very suspicious - and dangerous. Might it be the one they were looking for? Will decided to play his role a little further.

"That's fine, sir. And yeah, I'm free for now."

"Awesome!" Man's smile widened. "But you don't want to stay here, do you?"

"It's all up to you if you can afford what you want, of course."

"Oh, please, forget the money. I can get us a hotel room, we'll have a magnificent time together... And after we finish, I'll pay you whatever you will consider being reasonable. Sounds good?"

"Yep, but I'm afraid I still need some money in advance. You look rich and trustworthy, but one can be never sure enough..."

"You are right. Better worry than be sorry, right?" Man's hand disappeared in his pocket for a while and pulled out thousands of dollars. Just like that, without a wallet or anything. "Wallets are too tempting for thieves, aren't they? Take this and we can agree on more - later." Will grabbed the banknotes, checked them quickly. The money seemed real. So he

tossed them into his own pocket and nodded to confirm the agreement. "Let's go to the hotel, then." Like a good agent, he tried to lead that man back on the main street so Brian could see his face and maybe take some pictures. However, the said man turned him exactly in the opposite direction. "This way, please."

"Sure," Will smiled innocently. "So, which hotel we are going to?"

"Impatient, dear?" That brought him a suspicious sight from his younger companion so he rather answered the question properly: "Hilton, just a few streets ahead." Will calmed a bit, although his inner self was all uptight. In fact, he did not meet anyone suspicious enough to go this far with them before. He could only believe to the friends *at his ear* that they would tell him when the time to stop this game comes. Unless the man truly was their killer. Then he would find out himself soon - as none of the victims actually had a sexual intercourse immediately before their death.

"Well..." a silent sigh. "My name is Hannibal. And yours?" The man offered him a hand, like if this was supposed to be something more than just a meeting for the one low purpose. Yet, Will shook it.

"I'm W- Joe, yeah." *Dammit*.

"Nice to meet you, Wjoe," Hannibal laughed. But it was not a mocking laugh at all so Will joined him playfully. "Tell me, Joe, are you new to this? I've never seen you out there before..."

A regular client, huh? "I'm- Nope. I'm not new to this, only to the city. Moved here a few days ago."

"Interesting."

"Why should be?" Will's forehead frowned.

"Just... You seemed to have a lot of respect from others on the street - despite your presence potentially means a loss for them."

"Ah... They said I can stay if I'll take only new faces, these risky people they don't trust or so."

"I think they are exploiting you."

"I know, but as the new guy in the city, doing this on my own... I should be happy they do so." Hannibal's arm sneaked around Will's shoulders and pulled him closer. The man kissed his forehead which made Will shiver. It felt frightening again.

"Then we won't tell them about our meeting," Hannibal smiled to Will's nod. The rest of their walk remained silent. They entered the hotel building and got some judging looks when Hannibal asked for only one room with a double bed. Will only hoped there was no one he possibly knew around. He always hated the feeling that he owed an explanation to others.

Yet, they checked in without any real troubles and soon Hannibal opened the door of their room for Will.

Firstly, the young agent thought this cannot be their killer. So many people and cameras saw them coming in the room... Then he realized how invisible those "escort workers" usually were. It became almost hotel staff's duty not to look at this kind of people. And for all the time FBI has been tracking the killer, they never checked any hotel cameras. It was something about guests' privacy - you cannot ask for these records unless you have a reasonable suspicion that it would be important for an investigation. *So yeah, maybe I should give it a few more minutes*. Hannibal's closeness was, indeed, sending some vibes of danger through his spine.

"What a nice room," Will smiled when Hannibal closed the door behind them. The place really looked like something Will would never payed for on his own. Almost too much for a one night stand... His client returned the smile before clutched fingers to the edge of Will's jacket.

"Put this off, you won't need it..."

"O-kay." Will allowed him to remove the useless piece of clothing and deliberately followed him to the bed. They sat down right there, facing each other.

"Before we'll continue, I had to ask you some questions."

Oh, thank god! Will quickly nodded.

"Hm... Want some drink before we start?" He glanced at the small refrigerator placed next to the bed, then back to the younger guy. Will impulsively shook his head - *no alcohol drinking on duty*. *Hope I won't regret it later...* He swallowed aloud at that realization. Will gazed the man again, very carefully. Despite the fact Hannibal had to be older than himself, he seemed very strong and well-trained to Will. And it always was a course of sex workers that the most people would not take their *no* as the real *no*. How far he should let this go to be still able to stop it? Even if this guy would not be their killer he might simply want to take what he had paid for. *Damn, hope Brian, Bev, and others are already behind the door, only waiting for me to call them in!*

"I see you are nervous, Joe..." Hannibal gently placed his hand over Will's suddenly cold wrist.

"No, it's just- I-"

"Calm down, it's going to be fine. Just don't lie to me ever again, okay?"

Wait!

Chapter End Notes

I welcome any help with my mistakes of any kind - as well as kudos and comments :)

Lies

Chapter Summary

Closer, closer... Bare skin and unexpected touches.

At some point, Will has to decide how far to go.
Because it's all game, full of lies, until-

Well, until it becomes painfully true.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"What?! I- didn't-" *Why would you think I'm lying? Dammit!*

"That's fine, I know no one touched you for a while." Hannibal would smell them on him. No, this guy was clean and the more lucrative.

"It's..." Will did not know what to say to that. Hannibal was right, of course he was. With this stupid empathy disorder and killers' thoughts occupying his head, how could Will ever be intimate with anyone? He might have cultivated some feelings for Alana, but she refused him very clearly, so... At least Hannibal did not reveal his true identity, *right?*

Right?

"Shhh, I understand. You simply expected your clients would prefer an experienced boy. But I like what's in front of me a lot."

"Okay, heh. Um... Sorry for lying to you?"

"Very well. Now, tell me and be honest. What everything am I allowed to do with you?" That's the question, right? Will clenched his teeth and tried to empathize with his fake identity as much as possible. *What would Joe answer in this situation?*

"Ahm... Everything? I mean, whatever you like, unless you know... Unless you would like to kill me." Nervous laughter escaped Will's lungs. Hannibal kept smiling.

"Then, I'll try my best to not do such a thing." While telling that, he slowly pulled down his jacket and started undoing buttons of the shirt. "Do the same, Joe. Unless you want me to do it instead..." No, he really did not want so. Therefore, Will quickly undressed the upper part of his body by himself - like if there was no other choice.

"I should warn you that some of my tastes are a bit… Unusual, maybe. It may hurt... Although, with your untouched body even the common things may feel uncomfortable, at the beginning. But let me assure you that I'm a doctor. I know how to get what I need without causing any permanent consequences. Just believe me and let me lead you through our session without any serious injury, okay?" Will shivered once again. *This weirdo...* Maybe they should stop it right here and simply continue with the good old detective work, right? But no one told him to do so. The voices in his ear remained silent.

"Those who know how to heal also know how to hurt..." Will murmured while recalling all the murderers with a medical background he knew about. Once Hannibal was undressed, too, he leaned closer immediately.

"I can do both very well," he whispered into Will's ear. Then his lips softly touched the closest cheek and in a slow motion continued lower, to Will's neck. It felt so strange to allow a man, an absolute stranger, touching him that way. Stories about people who had experimented with their sexuality at a high school were nothing more to him, Will never did so. He never desired another man to touch him this way - yet his starving body kind of responded to the soft touches. For a while, he even tried to forget Hannibal's terrifying words, to close his eyes and pretend it was not the man but Alana who-

"Oh gosh!" Will gasped when Hannibal's hand squeezed his crotch. Thankfully, they both still had their pants on, but there Will found the line he was not prepared to cross - not even for Jack nor all the innocent lives... He grabbed the audacious hand and brought it up again, to press a kiss into its surprisingly cold palm.

"Too impatient, aren't you?" He tried to keep his voice even but it reflected his inner tremble nonetheless.

Hannibal stopped sniffing and kissing his throat to look Will into eyes. "I just wanted to please you, my dear Joe."

"And I surely appreciate that. But I know this kind of pleasure well enough... You promised me some special tastes." Hannibal's smile widened. *Um.*

"Who is impatient, now?" Hannibal growled and wrapped his arm around Will's upper body. *Much better*, Will breathed out. Hannibal's mouth returned to the neck, his smooth kisses followed Will's veins and tracked his pulse from chin to the shoulder... *How long this can least?* Will thought. *Why it's still so quiet in that stupid earpiece?!* Someone was supposed to tell him when they decided either they got enough of information, that he went too far or that this man was not who they were looking for. But still, no one said a word...

The earpiece, microphone!

Will's view darkened when he realized what happened.

The lane.

The container.

The earpiece, microphone... Everything!

How could I forget?!

Chapter End Notes

The actual vampire stuff starts in the next chapter!!!! :D

Bite back

Chapter Summary

This is the first bloody chapter. There will be more for sure.

But will our dear Will like it or hate it or both?

We can be sure he is going to fight as long as possible...

Whether it's always the best thing to do or not, you must decide.

Suddenly, Will realized he is alone. No one was listening to Hannibal's suspicious words, no one waited behind the door to save him if needed. There was only him and Hannibal. Hannibal who then clutched his strong arms around Will's shoulders, tightly enough to make his limbs useless, and-

"What are you doing!?" Will cried out as a sharp pain rose from his lower neck, right under Hannibal's lips. But the grip around his body remained too tight to allow him run away from it. Will's breath and pulse fastened as the pain went even deeper. "Stop it, Hannibal!"

Finally, the head of named man lifted up to face frightened Will. To scare him even more, Hannibal's mouth appeared completely splattered with blood. And he smiled, again.

"Shhh," bubbled between the bloody teeth - sharper than human teeth should ever be. "I'm the doctor, remember?" Hannibal finished with a hiss. Then bit Will's neck once more. Helpless man could only listen to silent sucking noises as Hannibal obviously drank the blood out of his veins.

"So this is your fucking kink, bastard?! I'm warning you, Hannibal! I'm an FBI agent, you're gonna regret every sip! Let me go!" Will tried to get out of his embrace once again, but Hannibal only snarled and grabbed him tighter. The pain itself was not as bad as the submissiveness with which he had to allow Hannibal hurting him. And then, he realized that despite everything there remained one thing he still could do.

New desire to fight lit up Will's eyes when he gazed down at Hannibal's arched back, shoulders - his bare neck. So close to revenge for every single piece of the pain. *And if I die, I'll at least keep some DNA of this beast!* Will growled aloud before - without any hesitation - bit down Hannibal's neck. *That's it!* his mind yelled. *Taste your own medicine!*

It did not go easy at first. Then his teeth sunk into the skin and thick blood gushed from the wound. It was disgusting and probably also dangerous but Will could not stop it from pouring into his mouth. The liquid tasted salty and sweet, heavily rolled on his tongue and forced itself down his throat.

Soon after, his viscera burned with hell-fire. What seemed like hours to Will was in fact only a minute. One long minute before Hannibal screamed out and threw him away. He hit the bed. For a while, Will could not move, could not breathe... His blurry sight revealed him Hannibal - bowed over him, hissing and snarling like a wild animal.

"What you've done?!" he growled at the Will who could already feel - physically as well as psychically - how bad move that has been. "You have no idea!"

Will finally cough up some dark blood and asked with a hoarse voice: "What's that? What disease is in your fucking blood?!"

Stomach cramps forced Will to curl up, silent whines kept escaping between his lips. So he could not see Hannibal sneaking closer, clapping his sharp teeth right next to his ear.

"Remember, Joe, that today you've killed yourself. Everything that will follow is only your fault."

"Hannibal, I swear- augh!" *Could I die already?!*

Lost-and-found

Chapter Summary

Beverly returns to the car and can't believe her own eyes.

Where is Will? What Happened to him?

Brian doesn't know...

Beverly Katz returned to their van with a pizza box and two cups of coffee. The shop was not situated anywhere close but after hours in the car, she needed exactly that. A long walk and some junk food.

"Wonder if Will found someone?" she asked while closing the door with her leg. "I didn't see him out there..."

"Hm?" They both were tired but when she found Brian sitting on a chair, eating his donut and with headphones hanged around his neck, she got furious.

"Are you kidding me?! What are you doing?! Where's Will?!"

"Whoa... Ah, yeah, no worries! He went pee so I gave him some privacy." Brian grinned.

"Privacy, you say?!" She grabbed the rest of his donut and threw it away. Then, quickly, placed the headphones over her own ears.

"Whatcha-"

"Psht!" That sharp hiss felt like a slap in his face. "Hey, Will, hear me?"

Silence.

"Will?!"

Nothing.

Her frowned face turned back toward Brian. "How long is it since he- Since you put the headphones down?!"

"Um... Wait..." Brian started counting, his face slowly changed under the weight of guilt. Yes, he forgot them completely... But nothing happened all that time, so why should right now-

"Brian!"

"I don't know! How long is it since you left?"

"It's over an hour! If something happened to him, I swear...!" She threw the headphones away as the food before and grabbed their iPad instead.

"I'm so sorry, Bev! I-" The weight of his mistake just now bore down on him.

"Shut up and come with me!"

"What's that?" He looked over her shoulder. On the iPad, she opened a map and there was a red dot close to their position.

"Will's location - at least, I hope so." Her lips pressed together into a thin line.

They left the van. Everyone on the street watched them. These people were not happy to have them here - but they knew someone is killing their friends and so they tolerated.

"Hey, where did your friend go? Didn't see him for a while..." Someone yelled at them, but they did not respond. Just followed the red dot and hoped. The lane where Will was supposed to be smelled of urine, mold, and cum.

Beverly puckered her nose. "Disgusting... Will, are you here?"

"Bev, here!" It turned out that Brian found Will’s communication kit, completely forgotten on the waste container. Like if she hadn’t told him repeatedly to not ever put it off by himself!

She squeezed the earpiece between her fingers. "Stupid idiot!" After collecting all the pieces, Beverly looked around. "Will! Where are you?!" She ran further to the lane, checking every single garbage bag, screaming the name of her friend and-

"Will! Brian, he's here!" Here was almost on the other end of the lane. Will lay there between rats' excrements and used condoms, absolutely unconscious. Brian knelt down into all the dirt and checked out his pulse. It was weak but still beating.

"Beverly, call the ambulance, quickly!"

Really bad dream

Chapter Summary

Will is in the hospital but no one knows what happened to him.

Not even Will himself.

Maybe it all was just a really bad dream?

"How could he end up here?! What were you doing?! You were supposed to protect him!" Jack yelled loud enough to get a shush from the night shift nurse.

"I'm sorry, Jack. I... We just... Can't explain." Bev glanced at Brian, who stood behind her - drowning himself in guilt.

"I'm so sorry, Jack," he whined. "I should have been more concentrated..."

Beverly gave him a sad smile. "We both should have, Jack. The important thing is that Will survived. When he wakes up, we'll know more."

"If he wakes up, you mean!" Jack frowned before his fist hit a wall of Will's room. The nurse stared at him with sharp eyes.

"Calm down, Jack, before they send us away. Will is gonna be fine again. The doctor said we should talk to him - that could help. Maybe you should go into the room and... You know." She tried to smile, squeezing Jack's arm. His shoulders finally downed a bit as he nodded. After Jack disappeared behind the door, Beverly sat down next to Brian. Her hand patted his hair, then lay on his upper back.

"Are you okay?"

"How could I be?! It's all my fault - you should have told Jack."

"Come on, Brian! We don't need to lose another one, pull yourself together, hm?" Brian looked at her, a little bit doubtful. "Will tells us what happened and we'll catch that bastard, remember that!"

"Okay."

"Now, wanna call someone? Jimmy, maybe? To make you feel better..." She handed him a mobile phone. Brian had to laugh.

"Bev, I have mine! But it's like 2 am, everyone sleeps. Jimmy deserves several peaceful hours of sleep before we'll tell him about this whole mess, don't you think? Anyway, from all people on the earth, why you said Jimmy?"

She grinned, smelling an opportunity to distract his mind. "Ah, it's just that people from our lab are talking... And noticing things..."

"What things? What gossip you've heard?!" Finally, he smiled.

"That you two are very good friends... With benefits, maybe?" Her eyebrows moved up and down.

"Beverly!" he yelled in disagreement, yet blushed. "I see what ya doing. Thanks."

"You're welcome. Now, let's talk with Will - we should wake him up, no matter what, hm?"

"We should. Physically he seems to be all right, only a bit higher number of leucocytes in the bloodstream."

"That's good. Right?"

Brian promptly nodded. "Right. He could be back, soon."

Will woke up the next day, early morning. Bitter aftertaste of the other man's blood still remained in his mouth, a poison rolling around his tongue. It took him a while to realize that he was no longer in the hotel room. Clearly, he lay in a hospital now. With infusion pouring into his hand and Jack sleeping on a nearby chair. So they found him? *How?*

Medical monitor on his left annoyingly beeped, his head ached.

"Jack?" The man only snored so Will tried a bit louder: "Jack!" He almost jumped out of the chair. If Will did not feel so bad, he would laugh.

"Will! You're awake!"

"Yeah, unless this is a really bad dream. What happened?" Will closed his tired eyes and massaged heavy eyelids with the tips of his fingers. *If only this was just a dream…*

"We all hope you can tell us." Jack's eyebrow rose up slightly.

"Ah, of course..." What did Will remember was beyond crazy, though - how would he explain all of it? He would, of course, he would! But first, he needed to think about everything. "Shouldn't you call a doctor or something? To let them know I'm awake."

"I will - but then they won't let me talk with you and I need-"

"Heeey, Will!" Someone opened the door and rushed inside. Soon, Will recognized Jimmy's face. "I heard you had a lot of fun yesterday!" He smiled while Jack frowned at him. "What?

I'm just happy he woke up already."

"It's good to see you, Jimmy." *Anyone, at this point.* "Are others here, too?"

"You mean the two butterfingers who almost let you die?" Jimmy laughed. "I believe they went somewhere to find a coffee machine, will be right back to kick your lazy ass out of this stupid-"

"Look, Jimmy - take your happiness out of here, ok? Find a doctor and tell them about Will," growled Jacked, annoyed enough by the whole situation.

"Okay. I'll come back, hold on, Will!"

Will nodded and his look returned to Jack. "It wasn't their fault. I put the communicator off."

Waking up

Chapter Summary

Will is awake and he already noticed some changes...

But there is no time to care about them - they need to catch the killer!

The doctor who came to check Will was kind of nice but she could not provide enough information about what actually happened. She said there were no wounds on Will's body and that toxicology did not show anything, either. She asked Will some questions about how he felt, whether his vision, audition, and other senses worked well... From his answers, she decided there were some signs of hypersensitivity and that Will would need to undergo other brain tests in next days. And as Jack predicted, she said they should not interrogate him about what happened for now. She said what Will needed the most was a lot of rest and no stress.

Once she left, Beverly jumped to his bad and hugged him. "Thank god you're back, Will!"

"I heard you found me - so thank you! But how long I'm here? How are my dogs?!"

"Everything happened just yesterday. And we asked Alana to take care of them, don't worry," Beverly assured him.

"Good, good... But, wait, Jack!" She rose up to let him speak. "You have to... Tell them to... deflate my stomach? What's the medical term? I bit him, you could get some DNA. And I'm not sure if he wasn't somehow ill."

"Oh no, Will!" Beverly bit her own lip when she realized all possible consequences.

But Jack promptly ended their speculations. "They checked that when they brought you here. They thought you might have been poisoned. But your mouth and stomach were both empty. If you truly bit that bastard, he had to clean you up. They also made some common blood tests, everything seems good. In a few weeks you should be tested for HIV again, but don't stress about it right now." Will closed eyes and for a while he returned into the hotel room, into its bathroom. The man, Hannibal, forced him to vomit... Then showed something down his throat, poured in a lot of water and repeated it several times. Will wanted to struggle, defend himself, but he could barely move. Then, Hannibal dressed him up like a stupid doll and-

"Will, hey!" He opened the eyes to see Brian's frightened face.

"Where did you go?" Jack asked promptly.

"Jack, we shouldn't-"

"That's fine, Bev. I... Hotel Hilton, he took me to that hotel, paid for a room. They have to have some records of that. His name is Hannibal - or at least he said so. You better find him, Jack! I'm sure it's him, the killer we were looking for!" Faces of the whole team somehow darkened. However, they at least had something now!

"That's a good starting point!" Jack smiled.

"Yeah..." Will hoped he would not ask about other details but he also knew it's unavoidable. With all his hope he looked up to Beverly and thankfully she understood.

"Guys, you know what the doctor said! Let's check the hotel and allow Will some rest."

Surprisingly enough, Jack nodded. "You are right, Beverly. Everyone, out!" They slowly moved to the door, Will's relieved smile followed them.

"Bye, Will! And get well soon! We love you!"

"Yeah, love ya!" Jimmy laughed and sent him some air-kisses.

"Hey, stop it, Jim!" Brian sneered, playfully winking at Beverly. Then the door closed. Will's room filled with dull noises from outside.

So, hypersensitivity? He noticed that before when Jimmy came in for the first time. It seemed he might see even better than now but firstly his brain needed to learn how to focus this "better eyes". That wasn't a thing to complain about. Although, he would appreciate a quiet room and a bit softer bed linen... *Stupid brain, still playing games with me!*

The door opened again - a nurse came in. She smiled and placed a weighing scale next to his bed.

"Hello. I'm here to check your weight and prepare an appropriate diet for you. Are you able to stand?"

"Ah, I haven't tried it yet but hopefully so." Will quickly sat and his vision blurred again.

"Take it easy. Slow, okay? Your hand, please." Will stretched the arm and she removed his infusion. "Enough of this, hm? And this, too." She glanced at the medical monitor before removed its connectors from Will's chest. "The second hand, please." Kind of obviously she started checking his pulse.

"Is something wrong?"

"I don't know... Your heart seems to beat extremely slow? But if that was true, you wouldn't be alive at this point..."

"Which is nonsense, right? I'm pretty sure I live." They both laughed.

"Yes, I see. Maybe it's some genetic disposition... I'm sure your doctor will look into it closer. Anyway!" She let his hand go.

"What?"

"I guess you would like to go to the bathroom before we'll continue? Because you were unconscious, we had to do something about your-" Her eyes dropped down to Will’s crotch.

"I- Fine, okay? I understand, I can actually feel it."

"Yeah, not very pleasant, sorry about that. But I thought you'd feel more comfortable if you'd remove it yourself."

"You're right, thank you."

Before she nodded, her cheeks got a little pinkish color. She must have admitted that this patient was really handsome and removing the thing herself would make her unusually nervous. "Just do it slowly. Very slowly and carefully pull the tube out. Mind that the catheter has a curved tip. If blood or pain appears, call me immediately, understand?"

"Yes," he shivered a little when his bare feet touched the cold floor. "Huh, let's go, I guess."

Home, sweet home

Chapter Summary

> You can't just keep Will Graham in the hospital while a dangerous killer and his dogs are outside, without him.
>
> But what happened to the dogs?
>
> What happened to him?

The first thing Will noticed after he entered the bathroom made him questioning all his memories from that night. Until now he was pretty sure he bit the man as well as that the man bit him. Now, however, in front of the mirror, he could not deny raw facts.

There were no bite marks on his skin.

He stared into the mirror forever, then he touched the place where Hannibal's teeth sunk into his body... It was sensitive, barely painful. But not even a scar could be seen there.

How...?!

"Mr. Graham, I absolutely do not recommend you to leave this soon. You haven't even eaten anything, we didn't have finished all the tests yet and-" his doctor was hopeless. When she came to check him this afternoon, she found there an untouched lunch and her patient started dressing up. *I'm leaving*, he said - without any will for discussion.

"Food? Fine, I'll eat something, anything, if that makes you feel better. But then I want to sign an AMA discharge and leave, okay? There is a killer outside who attacked me - and I really need to catch up on the investigation."

"Did you speak with your boss or colleagues about your decision?"

She tried but Will only frowned. "I feel much better than I felt this morning. And you didn't find any real problems either, so..."

"But there are some strange results-" Seeing Will's face, she recognized he already decided it. "Ugh, fine. It's your decision. But eat at least the chicken leg you've got for lunch. And you'll come back for some other tests as well as if you notice any problems. Deal?"

"Deal," Will sighed.

"Good. So, eat. I'll bring the form."

Although Will felt the stabbing of hunger for a while now, the food they've brought him for lunch seemed disgusting to him. Actually, taking it logically, it should taste good. But all Will's senses kept telling him he should not eat that. However, he would need some energy, so... Any disgust aside, he quickly ate the chicken and finished dressing. FBI took away his old clothes, but someone brought him different ones and there was a bag with his personal items. The watch, mobile phone, his ID, driver license and wallet - with hundreds of dollars.

"What the fuck!" Will realized that they had no idea this money came from the killer. But why Hannibal had not taken them back before he left Will in the lane?

For an instant Will actually thought about giving them to Jack immediately... But then he realized he has neither some other money or his car here. *Maybe I could deal with this later, right?* There should be enough fingertips in the hotel room anyway... *Damn, I swear I've done enough to deserve the reward!*

The chicken lay in his stomach like a rock. A sunny day welcomed him outside and once sunlight touched Will's skin, his stomach rolled up.

"Dammit!" He whined before vomiting everything. Once more empty belly ached but he did not care. He just wanted to be far away from the hospital and its terrible food.

First of all, he needed to go home. To see his dogs and thank Alana. There he could take his own car and return to Quantico, ask his colleagues about progress in the case. He felt terrible again and the shiny sun did not help. So he just hopped in the first empty taxi he spotted around and let it drive him to Wolf Trap.

Back home, Will forgot all his plans. The only thing he wanted was a good nap and something to fill up the emptiness in his stomach. His keys were not in the bag, therefore, he guessed someone gave them to Alana. Will paid the taxi driver with some of Hannibal's money and went to ring the bell of his own house. Dogs began barking and howling.

"Hi, guys, I'm back!" Will smiled and leaned toward the door net. But they did not stop jumping at the door - more angrily than happy. Alana finally appeared behind them, called the dogs back and opened.

"Will! I was going to visit you in the hospital tomorrow. What are you doing here?" She was happy to see him, she just haven't expected him right there so soon.

"Hi, Alana," he grinned. "I felt much better today so they said I can go. I wanted to free you from babysitting my dogs..." They all stood in the living room, behind Alana. Tails tucked between their legs, ears pressed to heads... Some of them whined.

"Dears... Winston! Buster!" None of them moved closer. Will seemed broken. "Alana, what happened to them?"

"I don't know, they were alright before..." She turned to the dogs and pulled Will closer. "Hey, sweeties! It's your Will! Come here!" Nothing. "I don't know, maybe the hospital smell on you?"

"That's nonsense!" Will knelt, his eyes found that newest member of the pack. "Winston, come here! Dear, it's me!" Will stretched out his hand so he could almost touch Winston's nose. The dog growled, but at least sniffed the offered hand. "That's it, good boy." Slowly, Will's fingers began stroking the soft fur around his eyes, behind ears... It took another hour but after that, the dogs finally surrounded Will with newly found trust.

"I thought I would go back to Quantico yet today," Will explained to Alana who sat in a chair close to him. "But after this, I'm not sure whether leaving would be a good idea..."

"Investigation might wait till tomorrow. This is your family, Will."

"Right. They seem comfortable with me again, but who knows what happened before... Thank you for taking care of them when I couldn't by the way."

"Anytime. You know I love them." They exchanged slight smiles. "So, Will, what happened to you yesterday? Jack didn't tell me much."

"Um, I think I can't tell you anything more. It's all a part of a serial killer opened case. I would have to kill you if I told you."

Moonlight

Chapter Summary

After a restless night, there are some news for Will to hear.

And no one is happy that he ran away from the hospital...

Alana went home around 8 pm. But despite how tired Will felt before, he could not sleep the whole night. Under the moonlight, he felt much better, like if the strength started pouring into his body. The headache completely vanished, his skin did not itch as it did during the day... And he never realized how well he could see in the dark! Half of the time Will spent running around the house with his dogs. Later, the hunger was strong enough to make him eat whatever he found in a refrigerator. However, its taste or the feeling like if he fulfilled his stomach with stones remained the same as it had been in the hospital. So he decided to finally cut it off with some sleep - it was around 5 am at the time.

The ringing of his phone woke him up before noon. It was a terrible noise biting deep into his head. Quickly, Will lifted from the bed and ran to the kitchen. The cell phone was there, circling on a table as vibrations made it move. Will did not even read the name on its display - just pressed the right button to stop that noise.

"Hey, Will! Where the hell are you?!" Beverly's voice hit his ear as a hammer.

"Bev, I-" Something in his belly rolled up and so he knew it's happening again. Will had barely time to find a sink. Then he threw up, loud enough for Beverly to hear it all.

"Will! Are you alright???" The phone was not pressed on his ear now but he could hear her voice well. Anyway, what went out of him did not remind any food at all. Pieces of it were cupped with yellow foam. And it was kind of smelly. Will quickly turned on the water and cleaned up his mouth.

"Will!" Beverly's voice mirrored panic.

"I'm fine, Bev. Just give me a sec..." As the water flowed through the yellow mess, Will got an impression that the thing which just fell into outlet was a tooth. One of his teeth?! "What the-"

"Will, what's happening?! The noises I've heard before definitely didn't sound fine!"

"I just... Ate something wrong..." His tongue quickly checked the teeth. None of them seemed to be missing. "I'm stupid," Will whispered and powered the stream of water to let it clean all the disgusting mess.

"Will, you should be in the hospital an-" She sounded like a mother scolding her rebellious son.

Will started laughing when: "Augh! Dammit!"

"What happened, again?!"

"Calm down, Beverly! I just... Bit myself? My tongue - nothing tragic." Will sighted. His teeth had to be sharper than he remembered. "I'm fine and wanna help you to catch that bastard who sent me into the hospital, ok? That's why I'm not there anymore."

"I see you aren't there! We're standing in front of your empty room and Jack... Um, isn't happy that you left."

"Nice of him but that was my decision." Will rolled up his eyes.

"I'm not happy, either! You clearly aren't okay!"

"Whatever. So, was it just a friendly visit or is there any progress in the case?"

"The progress, actually. We-"

"Give me the phone!" Jack stole it from her hand. "Will?!"

"Hello, Jack."

"We found the man who paid for that hotel room." A weird thing that Jack seemed much less happy than he should be.

"Who is he? WHERE is he?!" With the phone squeezed between his cheek and shoulder, Will began dressing up.

"I'm gonna speak with him today afternoon. If you feel good enough, I would like to have you there."

"Jack, no! He just vomited! It's-" Beverly's voice sounded from the background.

"I'm more than fine, Jack. Where we'll meet?"

"Shush, Beverly!" the boss growled. "In the lab, as soon as possible. We have another victim, too."

"On my way!" Will shut down the call. All the dogs were in the kitchen as well - watching him. Whatever broke the trust between them was really huge and their relationship still seemed to be very fragile. But Will could not stay today.

"I'm so sorry, guys." At least he let them out. Before they came back, he prepared food for them and fulfilled their bowls. Without thinking about it he licked the blood stains from his fingers after all the meat was carved. "I should be back during the night. Bye, bye." He rather did not touch them while they were eating. Just sneaked behind their backs and out to the car.

Your fault

Chapter Summary

> "...we found your Hannibal. His full name is Hannibal Lecter and he is a psychiatrist with very good reputation."
>
> "Does it matter? He can be a renowned serial killer, too."

It was sunny outside, again. Before, Will loved days like this. But the hypersensitivity - whatever were reasons for it - caused that his skin shivered, almost burned when the light touched it directly. End his eyes hurt, he could barely see anything through the dazzling shine. Will growled and quickly closed himself in the car. He felt tired. Tired of all this - the man clearly did him something that those medical tests could not reveal. And Will could not wait to ask him what it was! *Everything that will follow is only your fault*, he memorized the last sentence Hannibal told him.

My fault...

My. Fault.

Shut up!

Will found sunglasses which he always had in the car, put them on and started the engine.

I'll show you fault, bastard!

The morgue was extremely smelly today. To be honest, everyone there smelled very strong - although the smell of living ones was more pleasant. And then all the chemicals... At least, no sunlight slipped inside. And happily enough, his ears already adapted to loud noises when he arrived in the city.

"Ohmygod, Will! Ya saw yourself today?!" Beverly watched him like if seeing a ghost.

"I had no time for looking in a mirror, Bev, but-"

"You are pale like a walking dead - and what about the sunglasses? You know we're inside, right?"

"Beverly, please! The tests didn't provide any useful results. According to everything I'm all right. It's just the stressful experience I went through, let it go." Will quickly put the sunglasses off and pretended a smile. "Just show me the body." Finally, Jack arrived and

stopped Beverly's doubts. Or. at least, stopped her from vocalizing them. Brian and Jimmy came with Jack, too. And both noticed Will's odd look.

"Hey, Will! You look like if you ran out of one of our freezers," Jimmy laughed.

Will thought he heard enough of walking dead jokes... "He said I'm gonna die and that it's my fault," he informed them with aloof voice. Everyone stopped looking at him, pointing their eyes down to the floor. "So, tell me what you know."

Brian sent a questioning sight toward Jack who nodded. "This guy was found in the same lane as you, Will. Only a few hours later. Same place, same position. It might be a message, for you." Will looked at the body. A young man, even a bit familiar... They had probably met earlier that night. Although it was not easy to say for sure because his face - as the whole body - was torn apart.

"It was..." whispered Will, trying to rearrange the situation in his mind.

"That's why we think it's our killer. Otherwise, this wouldn't match his typical... tableaux." Brian looked at the body again. He felt there is something utterly wrong what he just could not identify.

Jimmy tried to continue: "Yes, usually he's much artsier. This is just-"

"Angry," Will finished. "Like from a wild animal. He was angry for what I've done, that I've bitten back."

"Then why didn't he kill you?" Jimmy asked and everyone quickly buried him under judging looks. Beverly nudged him into ribs. "Ugh, sorry?"

"No, you are right. He should have... Probably tried." Slowly, Will's hand rose up and rubbed his neck. He had an odd feeling that *someone* broke it not too long ago. Nonsense, sure - but so was the non-existent bite mark. "He hoped I'm dead."

"But you weren't so he killed this guy?" Brian asked, while Jack quickly calculated.

"Do you think he'll try again? Are you in danger?"

"Nope. At least, not for now. He could do it yesterday if he wanted to."

"Sorry, Will, but how hard that would have been to make sure you are really dead before he left you there? I bet he is clever enough to do so." Jimmy shrugged his shoulders, this whole thing seemed ridiculous to him.

"I don't know. Maybe someone appeared so he had to leave..."

"Then we should find that person!" Jack decided.

But Beverly shut him down with what everyone had on mind: "I don't believe we can. It was most likely someone from the street with their client. They won't speak with us. Or it might have been me and Brian." That idea twisted her innards with fear and regret.

"We don't need them anyway. You said you found that man, right?" Will's eyes lightened.

"Yyesss, we did... Let's concentrated on this victim first, okay? I'm gonna tell you later about him. Now, Brian, tell us how this one died." Jack folded his arms, waited.

"Sure... It was a broken neck - or blood loss."

"Or?" Will knew his team for a while and there rarely was any *or* in their conclusions.

"Yes, I'm afraid... It's hard to say what killed him earlier. I would guess that the killer drew blood out and broke his neck like a minute before his heart stopped."

"Is that even possible?" Jack's eyebrow rose up.

"With the right machines and very good knowledge of human anatomy... This victim is actually a gift. I mean... Not for his family or so... Heh. But all other victims were cut apart in a way that it was almost impossible to say anything about their death or distinguish which injuries happened before it." Brian's words played the right strings in Will's mind. What if...

"Is it possible that all of them died due to the blood loss?"

"It is. As well as due to the broken neck - or many other things. Why?"

"He bit-" the nonexistent bite mark reminded Will this would not work. "He tried to bite me. Maybe he's dealing with some kind of blood fetish. I also remember that his teeth were very sharp. We should find dentists who can do such modification and-"

"Will, stop!" Will's head turned to Jack fast. "Are you sure? Because as you know, we found your Hannibal. His full name is Hannibal Lecter and he is a psychiatrist with very good reputation."

"Does it matter? He can be a renowned serial killer, too. He can't deny where he spent that night, right?!"

"We have a security video, yes. Of him and you..."

"And?!"

"You came there, spent about a half hour in the room, then left. You see where's the problem?" Jack switched arms crossed on his chest.

"We... Left? Both together? No blood anywhere?" Everyone noticed the slight drop of Will’s chin.

Jack nodded. "You seemed like a nice couple, actually. No one noticed anything wrong or strange." Will could not believe his own ears.

How?!

That was clearly impossible!

But why would Jack lie to him?

Meet Hannibal Lecter

Chapter Summary

I think the best summary of this chapter are Will's own words:

"Jack! You won't believe this lie, will you?!"

Aka Will thinks Hannibal is the killer and Jack basically does what he did in canon...

Desperation took over Will. "I'm not crazy, Jack! He had to fake it, somehow. You'll see when-"

"Will! Let's make one thing clear. I don't have to take you with me but I want you there. It might be useful if he is who you think. However, we have no real evidence to prove anything. It's very important to behave-"

"No evidence?! I'm the eyewitness, Jack, I was there!"

"Your testimony seems to be... Problematic at some points. I would like to do an official record of it before we'll go to see doctor Lecter. But then, you have to promise me you'll be calm. Whatever he says, whatever he does. You have to remain calm and detached. Okay? Otherwise, I won't allow you there."

"Fine! Just let's start already," Will sigh.

Car doors clicked almost in synchronicity. They stopped in front of a big house in a quiet district. Its garden was hidden behind a high wall which provided enough privacy. For what? Will wondered. A good place to live if you are a rich serial killer... Will squinted his eyes as the sun was still bright and he did not put the sunglasses on again. Sun rays reflected from the windows and burned in his face like flames. He hated it so much!

They went to the house door, rang twice. In a while, the door opened. Will almost fainted when saw that face again. It was him and all Will's memories were true, he was so sure about it! Hannibal gave him a long slow look from head to toe - then he quickly glanced Jack.

"Sir," he nodded to greet the guest. "And Joe... I did not expect to see you ever again."

"You should have," Will hissed. Jack put a hand on his shoulder and slightly pressed in a silent warning. *Calm down, Will!*

"You are right. Please, come in. I'm sure we can solve this without disturbing my neighbors." Jack smiled. He entered promptly and Will followed him, all cautious.

"Unfortunately," Hannibal closed the door before he spoke to Jack again: "We had not the pleasure to meet each other before. Are you Joe's-"

"I'm his boss. Agent Jack Crawford, FBI." He finally showed Hannibal his legitimation.

"Oh, that's embarrassing. I thought... Um." Hannibal sighed. "Apparently, you did not lie when you said you are working for FBI." The last sentence belonged to Will. He looked at Jack and both frowned. Hannibal distracted them with the stretched hand toward Jack. "Doctor Hannibal Lecter, but you probably know." Jack shook it with a smile while Will refused to even look at the offered friendly gesture. "So, how could I help FBI? I've never consulted criminal cases before but I'm sure-"

"Oh no, doctor Lecter. We're not here because of that." Jack stopped him quickly.

"Then, why?" He seemed confused.

"May we sit down? It will be a bit longer talk. Unless you don't want to speak with us. If so, you can call your lawyer and we'll continue later - though in the much less friendly atmosphere."

"I don't see a reason to call my lawyer, agent Crawford. Come with me."

Hannibal led them to his living room. As a good host, he offered some drinks. Of course, Will refused everything. Jack, on the other hand, was very happy to get some good coffee. Hannibal brought it with a smile on his lips.

"Joe," he stared softly, then realized the mistake. "I bet that's not your real name, is it?"

"No," Will answered briefly. "I'm Will Graham, agent Graham. You know why we're here, right?!"

"I have an impression now. However, I'm sure you'll tell me. But first of all, mister Graham... Sorry for my sincerity but you do not look very well. Did you see a doctor?"

"You know why I'm like this! Can't wait to hear it from you!"

"Will, please!" Jack admonished him again. Will snarled but did not continue, so Jack could start: "We are here to discuss events of the night from 24th to 25th September. That night, agent Graham was secretly put on the street in an attempt to catch a murderer who operates in that area. He ended up with you and later was found unconscious in a side lane."

"Oh... I must say I'm very sorry about what happened to you," he glanced at Will - but there was no regret in his eyes. "Now I understand your weak appearance. It's very soon, you should not be working yet. However," his attention returned to Jack, "I don't know how I could help you."

"You are the last one he remembers from that night, doctor Lecter. And he remembers you've attacked him. We are here to listen to your version of what happened."

"But... Oh." Hannibal's eyes dropped as if he got caught.

Will almost physically felt that his relief is so close. "I told them everything, Hannibal! We have you!"

"Again, I deeply regret what you have gone through, agent Graham. But when I left you, you were doing fine."

Jack stopped Will before he could pop up again. "Please, doctor, describe me everything that happened the night since you met Graham. Then we may have some questions."

"As you wish, agent Crawford. I'm not usually visiting such places and I'm not proud of myself for doing so that night. But I'm alone for years and time to time, everyone needs a, hm, company."

"We aren't here to judge your sexual life, doctor."

"And I did not think so... But now you understand why I was looking for my companion in that side lane instead of where most people do. And I thought myself lucky because I found there a nice guy who escorted me to a hotel room... But once we were inside, he - you," Hannibal looked at Will, "started to behave strangely. I mean, strange for a guy of his type. He was very... Let's say hesitant, refused all my efforts to do something more intimate. Then, finally, he revealed the hardly believable truth - that he was an undercover FBI agent. I thought he was probably new to the business and got nervous so he came up with a story that could help him escape without problems... He said FBI isn't interested in people like me and that he needs to go back. Also asked me if I could escort him from the hotel like if we had a good time together - to protect his cover story. He was actually a very nice companion, although not the kind I had originally hoped for. So I decided to do it for him. We left the hotel in a tight hug, I showed him the way back to that lane where we met - and then I went home."

"What?!" Will yelled out. He probably never heard someone lie this easy. But Jack silenced him again.

"Are you sure you didn't see anything? You didn't get the service you desired from Will - why didn't you find yourself another company?"

"As I said before, I can't help you with the case. I really went home after that. The whole thing made me feel uncomfortable myself and when I did not succeed at the first try, I just decided it wasn't meant to happen. Unfortunately, I live alone here so no one can confirm you when I've returned..."

"I see. I'm not sure what else we could-"

"Jack!" Will jumped off his chair. "You won't believe this lie, will you?!"

Bloodsucking beast

Chapter Summary

Why all the facts seem to speak against Will's mind?

If only Jack could know what Will knows...

...but does he really know? Or is he just getting crazy?

Hannibal, of course, is not helping... Or is he?

"Will, calm down!" shouted Jack while Hannibal seemed untouched by Will's sudden eruption of anger.

"Agent Graham, I understand your experience was very traumatic. But I am not the one who hurt you." When Hannibal smiled, it was the straw that breaks the camel's back. Will got furious, did not care about Jack's presence anymore.

"You did! You bit me, you drank my blood, then I bit you and you said I'm gonna die! Now I can't eat, my head aches as fuck and-!"

"Enough, Will!" Jack grabbed him right in time before he could attack seemingly terrified doctor physically.

"Jack, don't!"

"Stop it right now! You didn't tell me he bit you, too! And there were no bite marks mentioned in your medical report!"

"I'm not lying, Jack! It's him! You should hold him, not me!" Poor Will growled but could not extricate himself from Jack's arms.

"Please, agent Graham! Traumatic events sometimes influence people's memories. I can easily prove you that some of your claims are false."

Will finally stopped fighting. "How?!"

"Agent Crawford, could you..." Jack was not sure about that but slowly let Will go. However, his warning eyes did not move away from Will.

"Will... May I call you Will?" Hannibal used his sweetest voice, like if he wanted to melt everything in honey. Yet, no answer. "Uhm, you said you bit me, right?"

"Right!"

"Did you bit me a lot? Enough to leave some serious marks that can't disappear in a day?" Hannibal slowly removed his tie and began undoing upper buttons of his shirt.

"Right!" Will, slightly confused, confirmed once again.

"Then look," he showed Will and Jack his neck, shoulders. There were no injuries at all. Will could not believe his own eyes.

Why is this happening?!

"No bite marks. Not on me, not on you. You probably had a terrible nightmare which blurred with your memories in your changed state of mind after the attack. Something about vampires, maybe? Are you a horror fan?" To Jack, this explanation seemed very accurate. And if anyone in the room looked like a bloodsucking beast, it was Will at the moment. He was clearly still very angry, too.

"Thank you, doctor. Will, please, could you wait for me in the car? We're almost done here." He did not move. "Will! Do what I said, go!" He did not want to - but went where Jack sent him. Whole this biting thing was nothing but crazy. He was sure as hell that his memories were genuine - but how could they be?! Will had to rethink everything and hope he would still have his job after what just happened.

Therapy

Chapter Summary

Will needs the therapy.

Jack knows he does.

Will knows he does not.

But no one ever cares about what Will wants, right?

(...except maybe Hannibal.)

When Jack stayed with Hannibal alone, he felt much better. Now, he had to try and fix the situation - if possible. While the doctor was putting his clothes back, Jack apologized:

"I'm so sorry for his behavior, doctor. He promised not to do such a thing but..." he shrugged.

"No, please, don't be afraid. I see his past experience was really stressful. He should have stayed at the hospital in the first place. But I understand his desire to find the truth."

"Okay. Just to be clear," Jack sighed, "you can submit an official complaint."

"Ah, I don't think it's needed. Nothing happened."

"In that case... Thank you, doctor Lecter - not only for your cooperation. Now, I should take Will home."

"You're welcome, agent Crawford." Hannibal accompanied Jack to the door. But before he could fully leave, the doctor stopped him once more: "As you know, I'm the psychiatris. If you or Will decides he needs a therapy - or simply help to accept what happened... I'm willing to offer my help."

Jack frowned. "Why would you do it? I'm sure you have a lot of clients who don't want to kill you," he laughed.

"Oh, I do," Hannibal smiled back. "But Graham's case seems interesting and I'm actually very close to it. You should consider that even his physical symptoms may be rather psychosomatic."

"Okay, doctor. Thank you for your offer. If anything needed, I know where to find you." Hannibal said him the last *goodbye* with a wide smile.

When Jack returned into the car, he was not sure how to speak with Will. So instead of telling him anything, he just switched the key and left Hannibal's house behind. A quiet ride actually felt good!

And then Will yelled, unexpectedly, so Jack almost freaked out and crashed into a vehicle in front of them.

"He knew it! How could he know it?!"

Jack rubbed his head. "What are you talking about?"

"I said I bit him, but didn't say where. Yet he knew I need to see his shoulders! How, Jack?!"

"Will, stop the biting nonsense! No bite marks, evidence speaks clearly. And I saw his teeth." Jack's fingers clutched firmly around the steering wheel. "They are perfectly normal."

"But Jack...!" Will was lost. Everything kept proving him that what happened have not happened. *So frustrating!*

"Will, listen to me. His theory about what might cause your weird memories sounds pretty good to me. He is the professional, after all. And was right that you've returned to the work too soon. You need help, Will."

"No Jack, I need someone who believes me, that's all."

"Really? You said you can't eat. What did you mean? Bev said me you've vomited today's breakfast."

Will frowned, folded his arms. "Nope... I- had no breakfast. That was my dinner." *Maybe they were right. All of them.* Maybe Will ended up crazy and ill. And maybe he was dying - as either his hallucination or the murderer predicted.

Your fault! yelled Hannibal's voice in his head. *Not mine, all yours.*

"Hey, Will, are you listening?!"

The head of named man shook. "Ah, sorry. What did you say?"

"You should accept his offer," Jack suggested again.

"Which offer? Who's?" Will seemed more confused than usual. But he had that terrible impression-

"Lecter's! Gosh, Will, concentrate! He offered himself as your therapist if needed. And from what I see-"

"Jack! You aren't suggesting what I think you are suggesting, are you?!"

Jack let out a looong sigh. "Listen, if he is who you think, there is a huge chance you'll find some better evidence. And if he isn't, he'll at least help you. That's a win-win situation, isn't it?"

"No!"

"Think about it, please. Otherwise, I can't allow you to work on the case anymore." Well, he shouldn't allow that either way but Will's mind was too valuable to let go. His eyes widened. He could not be fired. Not now, after what happened to him.

Beep

Chapter Summary

This one's very short - might add the 3rd one today :)

There is someone waiting for Will in front of his home...

Beep. Beep.

"Hello, Hannibal Lecter on phone."

"Doctor Lecter, it's Jack Crawford. I'm calling you in behalf of Will Graham. We would like to accept your offer." Hannibal smiled and sip a red drink from his wineglass.

"It's a very good decision, agent Crawford."

"Indeed. So, when do you have a free term?"

"One client ordered for tomorrow 7:30 pm can't make it. If agent Graham is free at the time I'm willing to see him. It's important to start as soon as possible. Although, next time I would prefer to talk about this with him, directly."

"Of course! I'm just arranging your first appointment to make sure... Well. I'm sure you'll agree on another session without my intervention next time. And please, send all bills to FBI office in Quantico, to my hands."

"That won't be needed. I feel partially responsible for what happened to him. I'll take care of his mental health for free, at least for now."

"That's very... generous of you." *No, suspicious!* A red light lit up somewhere behind Jack's eyes. "But you really don't have to, it's not your fault."

"I know." *It's only Will's own fault!* "But I want to."

It felt like an eternity, eternal damnation, to drive his car all the way back home. Late afternoon's sun made Will scream inside of his head, his whole body ached. Will desired only one thing - lie down into his bed and sleep forever. Unfortunately, someone waited for him at the door. When she noticed him, her lips curled up in a soft smile. She waved happily.

"Hi, Alana." Will did his best to sound at least a little enthusiastic. "What are you doing here today?"

"Jack called me and said you look terrible. He was right! You should see a doctor, dear." She moved forward to touch his pale forehead. "Hm, it's cold..."

"Yeah, no temperature. See, I'm fine. Just need some sleep." *You can go*, he meant.

"It's maybe too cold. Higher temperature isn't a condition of all diseases, you know."

"Fine," Will gave up. "Wanna some coffee? Tea? Beer?"

The kiss

Chapter Summary

The kiss... Hmmmmm :D V"""""V

They were comfortable with one another now, sitting in Will's dining room with a bottle of beer in Alana's and a glass of water in Will's hands. Water was actually the only thing he could swallow without terrible consequences. She wanted to hear what happened but Will was not sure about the answer. *What happened for real?* There was no evidence for his claims...

"To be honest, I'm not entirely sure, Alana. But I'm sure about one thing. That doctor, Hannibal Lecter, he attacked me. And most likely also killed the other people. But no one believes me and now Jack wants him to become my therapist. To help me get over that *stressful experience*! Can you believe it?" Will lifted up and look out of the window. So tired of everything and everyone.

"Wait, do we speak about the psychiatrist Hannibal Lecter, from Baltimore?"

"Why? Are you two friends or something?" Will laughed. But whatever, that would not be the weirdest observation of today.

"Actually, we know each other. He was my professor when-"

"Awesome! So I guess you don't believe me either."

"I..." Alana stood up and touched his shoulder. "You experienced something terrible, Will." When she was this close, with him, in the empty room... Will felt the heat of her body, literally heard her heartbeat. Suddenly, he wanted to touch her - grab her. Hold her close and stole her warmth. "But believe me, Hannibal is a good man - and a good doctor. He would not do those things." Will's face broke in complete desperation. Alana hated to see him like this. She stroked his hair, tried to make him feel better. "He'll help you if you allow it." Will sniffed. It was nothing but a spontaneous action. She smelled wonderful! Despite kind of strong scent of perfume.

"You, Alana, are a good doctor, too. Could you help me?" She stood really close now. When Will's fingers touched her chin, she understood. And for that very moment, she decided it's not an entirely bad idea. Just to give Will some stability and then, they would see...

"I can try if you let me." Alana breathed out into Will's mouth. Then, their lips touched in a tight kiss. It was very subtle and passionate at the beginning. But as they continued, Will turned wild. He forced his tongue beneath Alana's teeth. Before she could even decide

whether she liked it or not, Will destroyed the atmosphere completely. Alana cried out and pushed him away.

"Will, what you are doing?!" she hissed with hand on her lips. Will had no idea what happened. It just felt very good, tasted very good. And he wanted more - then something happened.

But what I've done? "Are you okay?"

"Fuck, Will! You bit me!" Was it fear in her eyes?

"I didn- I'm sorry! Are you-"

"No, Will, I am sorry. This was a bad idea. I... Should go, now."

"Alana!" He wanted to beg and make her stay. But something hidden deep inside him knew what happened, loved what happened and wanted to do it again. "I don't know what's wrong with me, I need help!" Alana already grabbed her sweater and hurried to the door. Dogs were seemingly disturbed by her angry moves. But she did not care after licked a tear of blood from her bottom lip. She quickly opened the door but stopped herself before slamming it in front of Will's face.

"Doctor Lecter will help you, I can't. Definitely not after this." That was it. She did not say anything more, just left. Will stayed there alone, speechless and unable to deny the taste of blood on his tongue.

Something about vampires, maybe?

Chapter Summary

Will is late to his appointment with a certain psychiatrist.

And he is not in a good mode...

It was not later than 10 pm when bloody nightmares woke Will up. The dogs stopped sleeping in the same room since he had returned after the attack. However, they noticed that he was awake and came in to nuzzle. Winston jumped on the bed and lay down on Will's chest, whining silently. Will began to stroke his fur, peacefully.

...a terrible nightmare... Something about vampires, maybe? Hannibal's voice spoke from his memories again. Yeah, a nightmare... Will slowly put Winston aside and left the bed. It seemed weirdly logical to go to the bathroom. Stair by stair, his legs were heavier with each step. Despite it, he couldn't stop now - when that crazy thought settled in his mind. Because he was more than sure he did not bit Alana - at last no intentionally.

When he opened the bathroom door, he was about to switch on a light - as usual. But in fact, he could see pretty well. The light would only blind him for a while. The mirror was on the left now. Will turned in that direction and showed his teeth. Unless - the things in Will's mouth were not his teeth.

"What the..." He decided to light up anyway. Maybe with the light, his teeth would look normal again. But after his eyes got used to the sudden brightness of the room, the teeth remained sharp. Actually, they were very similar to what he remembered from that night. These were not his teeth, these were the teeth of his attacker.

"That's not true! Can't be..." Will screamed at the mirror. Then, immediately, Will's fist punched it right in the middle. The glass shattered into million pieces, some shards cut into his hand. "Dammit!" Will tried to slowly move his bleeding knuckles. The blood seemed darker than usual. As a shard by shard started hitting a wash-basin, Will thought about everything that happened in past days. His body was changing, without doubts. Vampires, werewolves, and zombies popped up in Will's mind, though these were nothing but monsters from lore and legends... Suddenly, he could not wait to ask the good doctor Lecter what truly happened.

Jack told him to stay at home until Hannibal Lecter says he is able to work again. That meant, after a night full of shards, walking dogs and staring into the dark Will could sleep almost the

whole day. Not even his dogs' whining forced him to open the eyes or leave the bed. And it was really nice, much-needed rest. When he finally woke up, it was 7 pm.

"Oh no!" Will yawned on the clock display shining next to his head. "I'm gonna be late..." He could not just dress up and leave. The dogs needed to go out and also new food. He needed... Okay, no food, probably - although hunger was eating him from inside. But at least brush teeth, comb hair and so on. The way itself would take over an hour anyway, so why rush?

The bell sounded louder than yesterday. It also took much longer till Hannibal opened the door.

"Will Graham," he nodded. "I waited for you 2 hours ago, in my office."

"I know. May I come in?" Will did not want to play games and so they had to hide from nosy eyes and ears.

"I'm not meeting my patients here. This is my home, not-"

"So you wanna take a car and go back to the office?! Let me in!" Will pushed him aside and simply stepped inside. Giving to the fact that he believed Hannibal is a serial killer, he should be scared when the door closed behind him. But he was not. Rather, he became angry - a lot.

"We are alone here, right?!"

Hannibal looked at Will, calm and even. "Right." Then locked up.

"Great!" Will turned to face him and folded hands. "Now, speak!"

"Agent Graham, I can make an exception and have our first session here. But therapy works only if the patient is the one who speaks..."

"Stop playing games with me!" Will snarled. "I know I'm not crazy! Everything that I remember happened the way I remember it! And you-!"

"Will, how could I bit you without leaving a mark? Come, sit with me and tell me what exactly do you think you saw that night..." Hannibal went to the living room immediately so Will had to follow. "Would you like some drink this time?"

"Would you like me to actually punch you this time?" Although Will meant it deadly serious, Hannibal had to smile.

"I'll bring something, for both of us. Please, make yourself comfortable. Then, we can talk."

"Fuck you, Hannibal!"

"No, Will. We were there already." Will's fists clenched with memories of that night right before Hannibal had bitten him. "Now, stop cursing and sit down. I'm right back."

If possible, Will would be red with anger. "I'm gonna throw the fucking drink up into your stupid arrogant face!" he murmured while settling himself in one of Hannibal's armchairs. *I'm not your toy nor victim, you should start dealing with me accordingly!* Will had some solid questions and was sure that Hannibal can provide answers. For now, these answers seemed even more important than all the dead bodies which had been left behind.

Almost.

Truth

Chapter Summary

Finally, Will sits face to face with Hannibal - the man who attacked him.

He has questions, a lot of them.

But will he like the answers?

Will did not hear Hannibal's steps, pulse or anything else. Did not smell him either, when he returned. But what Will did was as strange as everything else in the last three days. He simply smelled something. It was hard to say what - although the smell slightly reminded Alana's scent from yesterday. Despite, the attractiveness of this thing almost made Will lose his mind.

He wanted it.

He wanted to have it, taste it - devour it. Whatever it was. He almost jumped out of the armchair to take… What? But then, before he could, Hannibal put on the table in front of him a wineglass. The glass full of something crimson red, something that had to be delicious... Will could not take his eyes off the glass, although Hannibal moved behind him. But the doctor did not hurt him, just walked around and sat down in the opposite armchair. After a notable while of staring, Will grabbed the glass with both hands. His face spread a clear message - that he would kill anyone who would try to steal it from him. He pressed his nose inside and gave the liquid a long sniff.

"So, Will," Hannibal talked to him despite he knew he could get only Will's half attention - if he would be lucky enough. "You believe I'm a serial killer, yet you are here, in my house, alone, unarmed..."

"How do you know I'm unarmed?" he murmured over the rim of his glass.

Hannibal smiled. "Aren't you? Fine, but you couldn't hurt me anyway. If I wanted you lifeless, you couldn't do anything against it."

"Of course, because you did so well the last time," Will growled but still could not get rid of the glass. He longed to taste the thing inside, but what if Hannibal poisoned it?

"Please, Will, don't hesitate. Drink. I can assure you never had anything that good in your entire life." Now, finally, Will raised his head to look straight into Hannibal's eyes.

"No, you poisoned it!"

"I wouldn't do that to the food."

"It's not food. I'm not food either. You should confess you bit me that night!" Will's fingers clutched around the glass more firmly. As he stared into the two maroon eyes, he realized there was something wrong with them. The pupils' shape. They seemed more like cat eyes than human ones... *What the-*

"I will - after you taste your drink," Hannibal smiled. As Will's head bowed back to the glass edge, the smile widened. His teeth were the same as Will remembered from that night. But Will's tongue already sunk into the liquid and he could not care about Hannibal too much.

The taste was overwhelming.

Not dissimilar to the taste of Alana's kiss yesterday, but much, much stronger. Will literally purred into the glass before quickly drank everything. Then he licked the glass clean. Unhappy sight followed the empty glass back to the table. He wanted more, he needed more! After days without anything but water, he finally felt a pleasant warmth in his stomach. This would not be vomited as everything else had been. Hannibal looked at his own full glass and Will mirrored his move. Finally, the doctor decided to pass it to his guest and Will did not wait for permission.

"It's delicious, isn't it?"

Will furiously nodded. "More!"

"Later, my hungry friend. Now, we are talking."

"Maybe talking, but we aren't friends!" Will growled, quickly awakened from the intoxication of the taste.

"Right. Due to your decision that night, we are much more now."

"You bit me!" Will yelled.

"Yes. And you bit me."

Finally! Will could not believe he finally heard the truth! It was almost as good feeling as when he tasted the red thing. In full excitement, his hand spontaneously slid over his jeans to touch a pocket. And Hannibal noticed it.

"And then you cleaned all the blood to avoid your DNA to be found." Will continued.

"Not exactly. I hoped it hadn't been too late, but obviously, it was." Hannibal beckoned to Will and meant simply his whole presence.

"Late for me to what? Die?!"

"Yes, there was no other hope for you since your teeth tasted me."

"Why? Are you ill? Something like HIV?" Will trembled with fear once again. His life was not something extra but he liked it. And he loved his dogs, too.

"Much worse... Or better, depends on your point of view."

"It's something genetic, right? Something that causes mutations... I've noticed some changes since then."

"I would be surprised if you haven't," Hannibal nodded.

"So what's the thing you've infected me with?!"

"I? It wasn't my intention to give you my blood. As said before, it's your fault. And to avoid any further mistakes, give me your mobile phone, please." Hannibal stretched out his hand and Will's eyes widened.

"Woah? Why?"

What you think you know

Chapter Summary

> Hannibal is finally letting Will know more about what happened - and more about himself.
>
> But do you think a certain FBI agent will like what's gonna be said?

"You know why..." Will's lips pressed together so tightly that Hannibal barely recognized them. They stared at each other until Will succumbed.

"Fine!" He pulled the phone out of his pocket and handed it to Hannibal. It took him just a minute to find out that a recorder app is running, recording their talk. He tapped the screen to stop it, then deleted everything.

"That was very rude, Will," Hannibal said in a warning tone while putting the phone on Will's side of the table.

"Oh, really?! And how about what you've done to me?! Stop dancing around the truth!"

"Will, I paid you good enough for what I wanted. It's not my fault that you were lying - or biting back." Will frowned at him. "How can I tell you the truth when I can't believe you?"

"No one believes me already... So does it really matter?" Will sighed. *Could all of this be just a bad dream? And could I wake up?!*

"It does. I'm responsible for you, now."

"That's why you'd snapped my neck?! You did it, right? I just can't understand how I could survive - or why none of the doctors noticed."

Hannibal switched his legs, changed position to sit more comfortable. "Because your body was almost all right when they put their hands on you."

"That's impossible!" Will could not stand Hannibal's serrated smile so rather pointed his eyes onto the empty glasses. He wanted more, constantly. And the stunning smell was still present, with its source hidden somewhere in the house. He became so focused on it that he did not even notice Hannibal's move. He lifted up from the chair and went closer. Will did not see him coming until Hannibal's fingers touched his hand. His body jerked at the touch and immediately turned his head to see Hannibal - who knelt in front of him.

"What are you doing?!" From the closer look, Hannibal's nails resembled rather short claws. It felt really strange when they ran over Will's skin.

"You hurt yourself, hm?" His finger pads delayed on Will's bandaged knuckles. He almost forgot the mirror incident...

"Um, yeah. I saw my 'awesome' new teeth and got mad at the mirror."

His words made Hannibal smile. "Look."

"I see..."

Will's new doctor slowly removed the bandage. There was some dry blood but no wound at all. "Do you really see?" To be absolutely sure, Will blinked. Then stole the hand from Hannibal's grip, brought it even closer to his eyes. But no matter what, the wounds simply disappeared.

"HOW?!"

"The combination of your and my blood changed you. I hoped that maybe if I remove all the blood from your stomach and kill you as a human which you were..."

"Were?!" Will stood up quickly which forced Hannibal to look up at his terrified face. Hannibal himself lifted as well.

"Apparently, at the time, you weren't anymore - not enough. I hoped you won't return from the dead, for behalf of us both. And then you appeared at my door..."

"Liar!" Will closed his eyes and saw events of the night once again. But this time, it was Hannibal's eyes through which he was looking. "You are lying."

"About what?"

"You tried, but you could do better. Much better. And yeah, you were angry, you wanted me dead... But you felt much more." That was actually very interesting, made Hannibal tilt his head. Will paused, thinking about his next words carefully.

"Continue, Will. Tell me what you think you know."

The “V” word

Chapter Summary

Hannibal finally says what we all already know. And Will has to deal with it...

"You said it yourself. Too long alone, right? It wasn't just an excuse for your need of a company that night. No... You said you're responsible for me, now. And behind all the anger, you found the idea of an equal companion in your life enticing." Will turned straight to Hannibal, made a step closer. "You held me, tasted me. And you liked me biting back. You wished me to survive - and find you."

A corner of Hannibal's mouth quirked up. "Do you believe in fate, Will?" The face of asked man frowned in suspicion. "We are hunters, predators... We are made to be alone, but time to time everyone needs a company. Friendship, love... It might be our human part or simply a biological need which keeps our kind alive-"

"You said it again, 'our kind'... Which kind? How could I be anything else than a human being? It's just too surreal!" They both sighed, almost synchronized.

"There are rules. Reasons why no one should start this life as you did - by accident, unprepared, knowing nothing. I'm sorry that happened."

"You are not."

"I'm curious. How far into my mind you can see?"

"Does it mean I'm right?" Will grinned. It felt so good to know that at least something was still normal. Or... Normal might be a bit strong word. Usual?

"From the very beginning, I knew you are more than just a casual snack, Will."

"Do you want to meet someone who would see deep enough to touch your true self?" Will snarled as he leaned forward, taking a long sniff of an oddly comforting smell. "Of course you do. That's it, right? That's why you won't kill me - despite the rules, despite the fact I'm working for FBI."

"The rumors were true. How reassuring." Hannibal could almost feel that one heartbeat which resonated through his whole body although it should not be there. How oddly pleasant but also unsettling at the same time.

"Is it? Then, let me see you. Let me see us. What exactly we are?"

"Hmmm," Hannibal purred. It was not his intention to tell Will today. But maybe the time came. He seemed to be very understanding after all. "Vampires."

"What?" Will scoffed.

"That's how we are known nowadays. Personally, I don't like the word either. But it's enough for most people to get the basic idea."

"Egh. So, blood drinking, coffin sleeping, sun burning...?" Partially, Will got scared that this was how his future would look like since now. But he did not see any coffins around.

"Blood drinking, of course. Everyone needs to eat. But you seemed to enjoy the drink I offered you."

"That was..."

"Blood. I can give you more, but next time you'll have to get some on your own."

"Ohmygosh!" The realization hit Will right there. He bit Alana, he almost ate her! Will cupped his mouth with both palms and sat back into the chair. "But... I don't have to sleep in a coffin, do I?"

Hannibal laughed. "I thought you would know after 2 days."

"Days are tiring..."

"At least, the sun didn't set you in fire," he winked.

"Not literally, no." Will memorized how unpleasant the touch of sunlight was in the last days. "And we can't eat normal food, right?"

"Right. Only water and blood. Human blood, mainly." That information pushed the right button inside Will.

"Mainly? Does... What does it mean?" The sparkle of expectation appeared undeniable in Will’s eyes.

Feed yourself

Chapter Summary

Will is supposed to do one easy & natural thing he desires...

...but of course, it can't be that easy with him, right? :D

"Humans are meant to be our primary prey. We can smell blood which is rushing through their veins as the sweetest thing and beating of their hearts is a beautiful song in our ears. Though, while starving, we can drink from other animals, too. It's better than nothing, at least. However, their blood is never that tempting. Drink it and you'll live. But it's taste is as weak as would be your body after a few weeks on such a diet. And after a while, any closeness of human blood would make you furious. We are created to kill. Suppress your needs long enough and your body will take what it wants anyway."

"I'm not a killer, you are!" Will hissed, angry again.

"You might not have been - but you aren't the same being anymore."

Will growled. *I still know who I'm!* But it seemed useless to argue about that. "Tell me, what's the trick with your teeth? Why Jack didn't notice?!"

"In some ocations, humans do their best to mask as monsters. Other times we do the opposite. You can easily get some lenses and dentures to normalize your look. Till then, just hide your teeth behind lips and don't look people into eyes. Your glasses should help you with that."

"It's crazy. It's crazy that I even consider this to be real!" Will looked up to his new - who? "But it is, I know."

"I think I have told you enough for tonight. You need some time to think about it, don't you?" Hannibal's hand lay on his shoulder.

Will fought himself not to fling it off immediately. "Yeah, you are right."

"Would you like to stay here, though?"

"With... you?" Will shivered.

"I have a guest room if that's your concern."

"No, it's something... My dogs are waiting for me." That's truth, actually!

"I understand." Hannibal nodded, probably understanding more than Will wanted him to. "Before you leave, are you still hungry?" That was only a rhetorical question. The older vampire knew Will did not drink enough after two days of starving. His body was still changing and so needed as much blood as possible. Probably only Will's ignorance and denial of obvious kept him from attacking people around him that long. "Come with me, please."

Hannibal led him into his basement. It appeared to be a huge room or rooms under the whole house. Its entrance was carefully hidden - as a secret room in some castle rather than this casual city house. Will touched a wall, it was soft under his fingers.

"The whole basement is soundproofed. Not even we would hear someone scream down here while standing upstairs." Will did not want to know why it was so. He tried to cut whole the serial killer thing off while talking with Hannibal. But now it came back, closer than ever before.

"Hannibal, you- I... What are we doing here?"

"You need to feed yourself. Otherwise, you could hurt someone you don't want to. Your colleagues, friends - or your dogs..."

The dogs! Will's innards clenched in horror. "But how -" The answer showed up before Will could even finish the question. There was a steel table - not unlike the ones in FBI's morgue. And a young woman was cuffed to it. She did not move but Will could hear her heart beating. And the smell... The beautiful scent of his drink from earlier was there, too. Filling the room and Will's nose, he froze where he stood.

"Closer, Will," Hannibal urged him. "She isn't conscious; you don't have to fight to get your food today."

"B-but who is she?!"

"Soon, you might find out it's easier for you not to ask about their lives..." A surprising amount of anger appeared in Will's face so Hannibal quickly continued: "A prostitute, probably from a Slavic country. People like her have the taste of home for me... I found her at the same place as you. I figured out you might be hungry when you arrive."

"You said you were waiting for me in the office..."

"Yes, I have invited her to come there at 8 pm. I hoped to see what happens."

"What did you expect I would do?! I'm not a killer! And she's innocent!"

Hannibal sighed with disappointment. "Not only can you see me, dear Will. I've seen you throughout that night. It's in your blood - and it always has been in there. Free yourself, Will. This one is very easy now. And she has to die regardless of your actions. Give her death a meaning, let her live in you." Will could barely breathe when he slowly walked closer. Although he was not sure whether it was even important in his new life, he got used to air floating in and out of his lungs. Close enough, Will clenched fingers around the edge of the table. There was a cut on woman's wrist, professionally stitched. Will stared at her for a

while, the desirable smell flowed into his nose... He memorized all the scenes from horror movies and what happened to him that night. He knew what Hannibal wanted him to do. And a part of him wanted to do it, too.

"No!" he yelled, turning his back at Hannibal.

"No what?" His eyebrow raised.

"I'm taking her from here. You won't kill another human - not when I can stop you!"

No way

Chapter Summary

Sometimes you just can't save everyone...

"Ah, Will... Don't be ridiculous." Hannibal laughed but Will already started removing woman's handcuffs.

"Come on, wake up!" he whispered. Hannibal watched it with an amused face, hands folded across his chest.

Finally, Will succeeded. Woman's limbs were all free. She even opened her eyes, still mostly out of herself. Will clenched his teeth and took her from the table. It was clear that Hannibal would eventually attack them. But for now, he still stood there, watching. Will kept an eye on him while hauling her to safety. They almost reached the door before everything went wrong. Hannibal appeared behind Will's back, grabbed him by the shoulder and threw him far away from his victim. The woman whined before she fell right into arms of her killer. He did not wait for anything. Just quickly glanced toward Will to assure he is watching it. Then, his sharp teeth bit down into her neck. The blood spurted out onto Hannibal's pale skin. It stained his expensive suit as well as the floor under his feet.

"No!" Will cried out, breathless. But it was too late, her heart stopped beating already. Despite that, Will tried to steal her body from Hannibal's grip. What he saw in Hannibal's face before he knocked Will down again was nothing human. At the moment, Hannibal was only a predator protecting his prey. Will would stand up and try it again. But then, he noticed the blood all over himslf. The smell, the hunger... The taste! Before he could realize his actions, Will knelt next to Hannibal, licking blood from the floor. And it felt so dammit right!

He continued, completely losing himself until the weight of the dead body hit his back. That made Will recall the real world around. He looked up to Hannibal, full of anger and shame. The blood was everywhere. On his clothes, hands, and face. He was sitting in it and the woman he tried to save now lay next to him, tore up by Hannibal's teeth. The old vampire smiled. He did not even try to hide these killing tools in his mouth this time.

"What do you expect me to do now?!" Will growled, trying to stand up from the slippery floor.

"Accept the truth, my dear." Hannibal offered him a helpful hand. Will frowned at it but clenched on it anyway. "You look beautiful like this," Hannibal gasped.

Really?! Will stood right in front of him, washed in the blood... An idea to lick him clean as Will did with the glass glinted through Hannibal's mind. "I... What?! Go the fuck off of me! I,

I need to think! Alone!" Will yelled at him, then twisted hand out of Hannibal's grasp. "I'm leaving! Don't try to stop me!" Hannibal knew he felt stronger now, that is what blood do to them, but in fact, Will was still so weak! Of course, he could not know that... Anyway, Hannibal let him go. Because it was clear that soon, Will was going to return.

Will ran out of the house, ignoring the blood tears dripping from him. He felt like panicking but he had to pull himself together. Quickly, Will opened the car door and smashed them from inside. He needed to go home, have a shower. Forget. But he knew it would not happen - one can't just forget things like this. The car backed out of Hannibal's house. Before it left the street, the steering wheel cracked under Will's fingers.

"Damn!" He softened the grip. With one hand he found a napkin and tried to clean up the bloody mess on his face. But his hand shook a lot. "It's crazy. Everything is... This can't be true! God, someone help me!" The car went faster than it should despite everything that Will risked with such driving manners. If a police patrol stopped him like this, he would be arrested immediately. No one would believe what happened.

Will expected the dogs to be afraid of him again. Who would not be? But when he opened the door of their house, some of them began to lick his bloody fingers immediately. Will hissed at them but that did not help and he lacked any spare mental strength at the moment. He just left the door open and went straight to the bathroom. Red trails remained behind him but Will did not care. The stairs seemed longer and tighter than usually but it was worth the way. When he finally slipped out of the wet clothes, after hot water poured all over his cold skin, Will felt like in heaven. With closed eyes, he could only imagine the blood slowly washing up and flowing down the drain. And in his mind, there was more of the blood than the water. Soon, it was dripping from the showerhead, running down walls... The walls which suddenly were too close, falling onto Will and making him scream out aloud. He ended up curled in a corner, whispering: "It can't be true," until all warm water passed away. He was so cold when finally stepped out of the shower!

Later, when Will lay in his bed, all the dogs smuggled around him and helped to warm him up again. It felt so good. His sensitive skin welcomed soft touches of dogs' fur. It felt much better than his stupid blanket under which he was not able to sleep anymore. Now, he understood why all Hannibal's clothes seemed to be tailored and from the finest fabrics. That surely made it easier to spend whole days in such clothes. Instead of changing his wardrobe, Will wanted to jump out of his changing body and never return.

Doing the right things

Chapter Summary

> Will is about to do one of the biggest mistakes of his life... Someone will pay with their blood for this in the future chapters.

Winston's nose rubbed his hand, asking for some attention. Will started to pet him. And then he finally decided what he thought about Hannibal. The woman in his cellar - probably not the first one and definitely not the last. Will wanted to save her but instead, his belly was full of her blood. Still, he knew that it could not be right. No matter what. Even if Hannibal did not lie and they really needed human blood to survive... Will was sure there were different, better ways to feed oneself. Blood banks, maybe? Or they might just ask someone to donate... People paid for their food all the time, he could continue doing so, couldn't he? Above that, Will could not believe there was a whole different kind of human beings in the world and no one knew about them. There had to be something like a vampire grocery out there, right? But whatever was the truth, Will knew one thing for sure - that he should not allow Hannibal to continue his murderous manners.

With a sight, Will reached for his phone. Its beeping was once again terribly loud against his ear.

"Ughm..." came out of the phone when someone picked it up on the other side. "Will? What happened?! You know what time is it?!" Jack sounded like someone who was just wakened up in the middle of a night by an unexpected phone call. "Why are you calling me this late?!" For the first time since he left to see Hannibal, Will checked the clock. It happened to be exactly 2:30 am.

"I'm sorry, Jack. I didn't realize-"

"What happened?! You sound like if something happened..." Will could hear Bella angrily murmuring in the background, but Jack hissed at her. The whole terrible day had to be imprinted in Will's voice.

"Tell your wife I'm sorry... You are right, something happened. But it may wait. Please, come to my house tomorrow, could you?"

"Of course, good night, Will." Jack's voice softened as he almost fell asleep again.

"Good night." Will was not sure who hanged up the phone first but it actually did not matter. Now, he had the rest of the night to think about what he would tell Jack tomorrow. Or, how to tell the truth without looking even crazier.

Knock.

Knock.

Knock.

The dogs ran to the door, barking.

Two voices outside kept debating Will's sanity.

Knock.

Knock.

Knock.

Will slowly opened eyes. The clock said him it was 9 am. "Dammit, Jack," he snarled. Too early! But the urgency of the knocking rose, so he woke up. Will did not change clothes before opening the door. So he stood there in his basic white t-shirt and grey boxers.

"Hi Jac-" he started sleepily. Too late he realized that the second person who arrived with Jack was Beverly. "Uhm, Bev! I... Am sorry for this... You just woke me up.. Ehm, just come in and give me a sec. I should take some pants..."

"Come on, Will!" She grinned, looking at his underwear. "That's fine, we are friends, remember? It doesn't have to be different just because I'm a woman," Beverly made a silly face, then broke in laughter. Despite that, Will dressed up quickly.

"Feel better?" A wink. "So, hey, Will, how are you, hm?" Her hand touched Will's shoulder and squeezed it shortly.

He thought about the answer, it was not easy. "Yes, but no. Jack?" Will looked at their boss with the unspoken question.

"I mentioned your call and she wanted to go with me. I don't understand why but she likes you." Was it a sneer at his face?

"Hahaha, so funny, Jack!" Beverly frowned at first, but Will smiled so her face softened.

"Okay, was it enough of small talk? What happened at the night, Will? Why did you want me to come?"

"Right... Wait." Will left the room and soon he was back, holding a plastic bag with some bloody clothes. Jack carefully took it from him. Together with Beverly, they stared at it with confused faces. There was something like jeans and a shirt inside...

"Are these... Yours?" She looked up to Will, scared. "What happened?!" Beverly asked the second question in a strange unison with Jack.

"Yes, but the blood is someone else's." Memorizing the event, Will felt terrible and weak again. He sat on the closest chair and his hands started trembling.

"Did you... Hurt someone?" Beverly asked with her throat tightened. She honestly hoped to be wrong but knew better than that. She might guess it right as well. Jack waited for the answer, too.

Good friends

Chapter Summary

Beverly has a little surprise for Will. And none of them is happy with the recent events...

"I didn't. Or not directly."

"Not directly?! What the heck does that mean, Will?!" Jack was losing his patience, mainly because he really did not like the way all of this was going.

"He showed me a cellar under his house... A woman was there, unconscious, tied to an iron table... He wanted me to hurt her or kill her, but how could I?! I tried to save her instead but he killed her right in front of me and all the blood-"

Beverly was about to stop him somehow but Jack did it instead: "Who, Will?! Who are you talking about?!"

"Hannibal Lecter." Will's eyes pointed straight into Jack's. "I know you don't believe me that he is the killer, but he is!"

"Jesus, Will!" Jack growled, then pulled out his cell phone. Both, Will and Beverly watched him calling someone in the BAU. "Yes, it's me. Someone needs to track doctor Hannibal Lecter and his house, immediately! Secretly for now, yes. Murder, or more. Right. Bye."

"Did you just...?" Will felt confused.

"Of course, Will! Why are you so surprised?! I didn't believe your crazy story about bites which don't exist but you were in your right mind when this happened. To be absolutely sure, we should wait for the blood tests before taking Hannibal in custody, but I believe you, okay?"

"Yeah, thanks!" Will still could not believe it, though. Suddenly, he felt much better. He glanced Beverly who only made a 'wow' face.

"Fine. Get yourself ready, then come to the office. I'll need your testimony again. But now, we should hurry up and bring this to the lab," he grabbed the bag with bloody clothes tighter. "Beverly?"

Although Jack already stood in the door, she did not move. "I would like to stay here if you don't need me? I think Will needs someone to talk with."

"I really don't, thank you, Bev. Just go and help catch that bastard!" Will smiled but Jack nodded to her question instead.

"Make sure he arrives soon."

"Yes, boss!" She almost saluted him.

Will was happy to have such a good friend. He would also agree that he needed to speak with someone about the terrible yesterday, maybe try to figure out once again what exactly he was going to say in the official testimony... But it should not be Beverly and it should not happen here when no one else- Will remembered what happened the last time when Alana stayed with him. In fact, he already could hear the tasty blood rushing through Beverly's veins.

"Bev, I'm really grateful you care about me, but-"

"Shut up!" she yelled. Will could only stare after that.

What happened?!

"I have to be sure before... Show me your hands!" Will frowned but obeyed the command. She grabbed one of his wrists and started observing his nails. Then she let the hand go and touched his forehead.

"Are you checking my temperature? I'm fine, Bev!" He pulled himself back.

"Hush!" Beverly stretched out her finger before cupped his cheeks with both her palms. "Now, don't move! If you bite me I swear...!"

"What?! Why-" Will could not finish the sentence as Beverly forced his mouth open and bent his head backward. Her fingers moved inside the mouth, she started checking the teeth. When she finally let Will go, he quickly lifted up from the chair.

"What are you doing?!"

Beverly's lips tightened as she sat down on the edge of the table next to Will's chair. "You didn't lie about the bites."

Changed

Chapter Summary

Changes are hard and the hunger, the hunger is strong...

"Yes, I didn't! But... Wait!" Will looked at her, his eyes widely opened - maybe for the very first time. "What do you know, Beverly?!"

She gave him sad smile. "Will, you have to disappear. You both."

"Both? Like me and who - Lecter?! Are you serious?!"

"I know you are scared and that it's hard to believe, but it's true. Probably everything he told you is true." She seemed ashamed but also sure about what she was saying.

Will could not understand. "Bev, what are you saying?! You know what he did, all the murders..."

"I do. You aren't a murderer like him. But you do need him. A newborn like you shouldn't deal with everything alone."

"Beverly!" He crossed arms on his chest, frowned. Each of her words felt like a knife cutting into his heart.

"Will, I never was that serious with you as I'm now. Don't tell him why it's necessary to leave - that you've betrayed him. Just tell him they know and that it's time to go. There are people who could help you disappear, but I'm sure Hannibal has his own plan well prepared. Just warn him that this time it would be better to go back to Europe."

"Yeah, I bet Transylvania is the best of the best places, right?!" He thought Beverly stayed to comfort him but he only got angry. A lot.

"Time to be serious, too, Will. It's about your life as well."

"Why, Beverly? Why are you doing this to me?! He is a monster!"

"Accept the truth, my friend. You can't escape it, it's rushing through your blood. You know there must be a reason why no one did arrest any of so-called monsters yet. We can't allow them to become anything more than myths. It was hard to convince the majority of human society that they are nothing more, just stories. Because despite how dangerous they are, you are, I'm sure you can remember what people had been doing in the past. And occasionally, it's still happening. Many deaths on both sides, that's not a solution. And image what would happen if all the different kinds would learn how to cooperate... You can't oppress someone

this strong and expect they won't ever bite back. The consequences would be deadly. This way, we are protecting both sides."

"We? Are you telling me you are a part of some group which constantly manipulates evidence to protect vampire killers, or what?!" Whole this discussion became so ridiculous!

But Beverly did not laugh. "Among other things..." she nodded. "Hannibal isn't doing anything bad. It's important to understand that he is not a human being. You won't arrest a lion for killing zebras, will you? And despite we don't like it, even humans need their predators. I can assure you, if a vampire is killing just for fun, it looks much different. And we aren't protecting such behavior."

"But when the lion starts killing humans, someone shoots him!" Will growled between his tightened lips. "I can't believe my own ears, Beverly. You..."

"Please, Will! Go. Go with him and let him teach you everything you need to know."

"You changed, Beverly, a lot. The woman I've known-"

"No Will, only you changed. I can promise you I'll take care of your dogs, they won't end up in a shelter or bad hands. But it's important for you to go, can you understand? It's for your behalf! You are my friend and I really want the best for you. Unfortunately, there is no way how to turn you back into a human being."

He shook his head. "That means I'm the lion and you wouldn't mind if I decide to kill you right here, correct?!" Will growled with bared teeth.

Her shoulders fell down. "Correct. Maybe you should do it. Maybe then you would accept who you are." However, she knew for sure that such a thing wouldn't happen. Yet, hearing these words, frustration hit Will with all its strength. He sat down on the floor and started crying. All the time with killers' minds in his own head... He just wanted to do the right things, stay on the right side. The realization that there might not be a good and a bad side, just one big mess in the middle, frustrated him. If a kill of a human being might be reasonable sometimes, what's the point of law he was protecting for years? Beverly slipped from the table, reached for him and hugged him tightly. He might feel better in her hands but her neck suddenly appeared so close to his mouth...

He breathed out loudly "Bev, you should-"

"It's fine, Will, I know you. It's not a course, you won't hurt me." Her hands brushed Will's hair in a playful motion.

"But I'm not sure if I know myself anymore..." Will felt the hunger slowly taking control over him but could not (or did not want to) stop it. When Beverly realized that, it was too late to simply escape. Will pinned her against the floor and snarled onto the pulsing artery under the skin of her neck.

Nothing human

Chapter Summary

Will makes a promise which he doesn't want to keep.

Or...

Doesn't he for real?

"Will!"

The noise escaping his throat was something between snarling and purring. He moved lips over her skin like if looking for the best place where... Then he stopped and retreated a bit. There was an old bite mark on Beverly's shoulder, always hidden under her shirt - until now.

"I'm so sorry!" He whispered while pulling himself away from her tensed body.

"Nothing happened, hm?" Beverly sat up and glanced at him. "I'm okay."

"No, you aren't. Who did that to you?" Will pointed eyes at the old scar.

"Ah, this one?" Spontaneously, she covered it with her shirt again. "Training, we have to be prepared for everything."

"Are you serious? What a weird group you are a part of?!"

"The secret one," Beverly laughed. "But really, Will, you should call Dr. Lecter - now."

"I... Can't," he whipered.

"Will!"

"Beverly! ...does your secret group known more about what happened to me? Without all those vampire bullshits... I need something real, no myths."

"Okay, Will. Quid pro quo, are you up to it? I'll tell you about your state and you'll call him. Sounds good?"

"Hm... Fine." A sigh of resignation. "But you first." He moved himself from the floor, his body seemed weirdly heavy. They ended up in the dining room, sitting around a table.

"I'll say it as simply as possible. It's a change on the genetic level, your body is rebuilding to make you stronger, faster... The better predator. But it works on different principles than human bodies do. All body processes are much quicker - mainly during the changing phase. In a few days, you grow up new teeth, different digestive system, muscle tendons..."

"I guess the sunlight intolerance makes one really superior predator!" Will frowned, remembering how terrible he felt outside during sunny days. At that times, he was far away from feeling anywhere close to powerful.

"You are still processing the changes and they are too fast. Give it time, everything will settle. But yes, the sun will never feel the same again. Since your change finishes, your body stays still. You won't ever grow up anything new - like longer hair... Or more melanin, which normally protects skin from the sun and causes its brown color. Your body can't do this and as a lovely add on your skin is more sensitive... You know, Will, no one is perfect. But you'll learn how to get your new abilities under control. Hannibal's gonna help you to do so."

"This again?!" She frowned at Will's disagreement. "Rather tell me what exactly these abilities should be. Telepathy, telekinesis? Can I fly?" They both laughed at the last one.

"No, Will you can't fly. Nor the other two, most likely."

"Most likely?" He raised an eyebrow.

"The truth is that your brain is kinda unordinary and some of your kind tends to possess something we could call telepathy."

"And telekinesis?" For a while, Will got a bit excited.

"Well, theoretically, if you would train a lot - and then, flying without wings is nothing else but really strong telekinesis... I think-“ She shook her head. “No, we should stop this," she laughed again. "I never heard about a vampire who would be able to do something like that, okay? Definitely not at the very beginning of their life. Concern on what's really important."

"Very well! In several days, there won't remain anything human in me... Is that important enough?! How did that happen to me? I understand it has something to do with the biting but-
"

"It's not that simple. When one of your kind drinks blood from a human, their body reacts with it. Something from the human gets into vampire's veins and then, if they let the same human drink some blood back, only then the combination of vamp's blood and human's body weakness caused by bloodlust allows the change to begin."

"Damn, that's why he said it's all my fault." The realization hit Will like a heavy stone. "But he did a lot to stop it, really. He literally killed me - broke my fucking neck!"

"Its beginning is a very fast process, Will. You could compare the vampire gen with an extremely aggressive virus. Probably the first thing it does - maybe even before it enters one's body, is identification of the perfect shape - the way how they would look without all diseases they might have. The information is written in everyone's blood and it's important to keep

physical changes under control. Any further damage one possibly suffers would repair quickly - especially this early when everything is repairing. Otherwise, skin heals first, then veins, meat, bones... I'm more concerned about the fact Lecter tried to kill you? Does it mean he didn't want to make you alike?!"

"Actually, no. He wanted it, his heart was beating - metaphorically - for the chance of a companion. But he would never confess that to anyone, not even himself." Will's head downed when he realized what just happened.

"Have you just stood up for him?" Beverly smiled, amazed.

"Maybe, a little... I felt his loneliness. The part of it he enjoys - and also the other one."

"You should call him now."

"Maybe I should. But the fact I can empathize with him doesn't mean I can make friends with a serial killer! Or whatever he wants me to be..."

The promise

Chapter Summary

> Will knows what he needs - or at least he thinks so. And according to him, it's not a neverending future with Hammibal.

"Will; you promised me something! I've already told you enough." She grabbed the closest phone and handed it to Will.

"Fine!" It was his phone and he saved Hannibal's number a few days ago when Jack decided the therapy would be a good idea. Quickly, Will found it in the contacts list.

Beep.

Beep.

It took forever. And then, finally...

"Hello, Will. Did you rethink your yesterday-"

"They know!" Will just threw it in, letting Hannibal think about it. And hung up.

"William!" If possible, Beverly would be red with rage as some cartoon character.

"What? That was the deal – to call him and tell him FBI knows. I won't go with him anywhere. If I need to, I can learn from you. It's clear that you know a lot and aren't a murderer." *And I won't have to leave my dogs!*

"A lot isn't enough! I'm not one of you, jeez! I can't teach you anything but useless info about your anatomy, culture, and history..."

"That sounds about enough. Sorry, Bev, I just can't -"

"That sounds about bullshit! Wanna know something about your culture? You care about your progeny, that's one of the most important rules. For many reasons, good reasons! Gosh, I just hope we still have the time!" Without waiting for anything else from Will, she pulled out her own phone to call someone. Will watched her angry moves. Maybe that was not the best idea, after all. But inside him, there still remained the moral block which kept telling him that what Hannibal does to other people is extremely wrong.

"Hey, Jimmy!" she greeted the person on phone. "Yes, everything's fine. Did Jack bring you some bloody clothes to do tests?" Will focused on the other voice to hear the answer.

"Sure, working on it! Are those Will's? He refused to tell us, but the clothes look like Will's."

"Whatever! Is Jack there?"

"He was, you just missed him. The guys who are watching Lecter's house called him that the doctor arrived back home. He decided to go there."

"Even without evidence?" Beverly's empty fist clenched.

"He said Will's words are enough and that he will talk with him under false pretenses until we call him the results. But it's not really important, just a question if the blood matches with our newest victim. We know already it's human blood. As you know, the test is easy."

"Yes, thank you, Jimmy. See you, bye!" It was not easy to remain calm.

"Bye, but-"

She hung the phone up, then turned toward Will. "You heard it, right? Jack's most likely dead, or will be soon."

Will's eyes widened at the words. "No! Why do you think so?!"

That made Beverly roll her eyes. *You little dumbass!* "We should go, now!"

Finally, Will nodded. Without changing the night clothes he just grabbed his gun and ran to the car. Sunlight was annoying again but could not stop him. He only hoped that Hannibal did not kill Jack yet, that there still was a time to save the situation somehow.

Set you free

Chapter Summary

> WARNING!
> Someone's gonna die here. It's not Will or Hannibal but it's someone from the show characters...
>
> However, I hope you'll keep reading because there is also something nice for you in the next chapter...

They stopped in front of Hannibal's house. Beverly immediately went to the car of their colleagues on the other side of the street while letting Will run to the main door. He wanted to ring the bell but the door opened under his touch.

Suspicious.

Silently, he entered the house, gun prepared for a shot. Will could hear noises from where a kitchen was supposed to be and headed in that direction, breathless. Instead of Hannibal killing Jack he found there Hannibal squeezing Alana's neck. She struggled back but had no actual power over the situation. Hannibal obviously had some good fun of her fight. There was a lot of blood on the floor and someone else kept panting close to them. However, Will couldn't see the other person and crazy rush of Alana's blood blocked all his effort to locate the sound source. When Hannibal noticed him, he turned Alana's body and pressed her against himself like a shield.

"Hello, Will," he smiled while squeezing Alana a bit more to silence her whines.

"I hope you would leave..." Will sighed. *It would be really nice if the problem just disappeared by that single call. One can dream, right?*

Hannibal's head bent. "I couldn't leave without you."

"Don't be pathetic, we barely know each other!" Will blurted, still pointing his gun somewhere down... "Where's Jack?!"

"In the pantry... He wasn't a very nice guest. Not even a host." Hannibal licked his upper lip, his mouth was all bloody.

"What's Alana doing here?!" *Let her go*, he wanted to yell but that wouldn't help.

Hannibal smirked and shook with her. "What are you doing here, actually? Tell him!" The grip around her neck eased a bit.

"I... Jack called me what happened to Will and that he wants me listening to the interrogation..." She gasped, almost crying. "I couldn't believe it so I went here and-" Alana sobbed while Hannibal silenced her once again.

"And she interrupted my feast with Jack. It was really unfortunate..." Hannibal's head shook. "Tell me, Will, how did good uncle Jack find out what happened to you?" Will swallowed loudly. The smell of blood all around made him losing concentration on his true target. It was hard to think about some clever explanation.

Will licked his own dry lips spontaneously before blurting out the bare truth. "I told him!" Muscles in Hannibal's face turned into a sad grimace for one short, hardly recognizable moment. He felt betrayed and Will felt it right back. That was... More intense than Will would expect. "I had to... What you are doing is wrong!" He tried to satisfy his actions. *But why? I'm not supposed to justify my right decision to you!* "Please, Hannibal, this is only between you and me, let Alana go." Will forced his voice to calm down. The smile Hannibal gave him in return, even before he answered, was clear enough. *This won't ever happen!*

"As you wish, Will, I'll set her free - you both, actually..." His next movements were almost faster than one's eyes could catch. The hand holding Alana's neck clutched and its fingers, its claws, tore her thin skin. Crimson blood bubbled from her body while she could not even cry out. Only one single tear appeared in a corner of her eye... Then, Hannibal pushed her into Will's arms. Of course, he forgot the gun completely and instead grabbed his dear friend.

He wanted to help, it truly was his first intention. But then... She was in his embrace, warm - pulsing. And the blood everywhere! He could not-

When Will's teeth sunk into Alana's neck, Hannibal was there. Behind her, watching. Listening to the dying voice of her heart. *That's right*, whispered his mind - or maybe it was just Will's own. *That's how it's meant to be.* Alana's whines slowly faded. Her fingers clutched on Will's shoulders started losing their strength until the grip withdrawn completely. But Will kept drinking. A noise of hurried steps pierced into Will's ears once her heart silenced. A while after, someone entered the kitchen and cried out. Will knew that voice, that smell... The cooling body in his hands could not retain his attention any longer. He looked up just in the time to see Beverly's horrified face.

"Oh my god, Will!" She watched the carnage with hands suddenly pressed against her mouth. Will knelt on the floor, in the pool of blood, which was dropping from his opened lips, too. Something wild sat in his eyes, watching her like nothing else but a potential prey. She could barely recognize the poor being in his hands, but the body had Alana's clothes…

New life

Chapter Summary

Final chapter, wooohooo :D

Will our confused young vampire join Hannibal, run away alone or do another mistake? :P Let's see...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"This is hilarious!" Hannibal's words distracted them both, their eye-to-eye look broke. "You, people, have no upbringing! Why is everyone entering my house like if it was some public space?" He moved forward to grab Beverly. She quickly stretched her hands, to keep distance and also to show her empty palms.

"Doctor Lecter, wait, please!" she begged together with that move.

Hannibal stopped, his head tilted in curiosity. "Why?" His question sounded almost lazy. First of all, Beverly checked on Will with a corner of her eye. He was much more himself now, staring at the body in his arms. *Poor guy*, she thought. "I'm not here to stop you, okay? Please, calm down." That made Hannibal raise an eyebrow.

"Beverly!" Will sobbed somewhere besides her, but she could not look there at the moment.

"Please, Dr. Lecter... You both should go, now! There is a car outside..."

Hannibal's smile spoke clearly, *I know*.

So Beverly sighed and continued: "I've told them to wait but that won't give you a lot of time. Will-" She swallowed every single doubt raised up by the scenery she had seen before. "Will needs you."

"Beverly!"

The said man was crying now, she was sure even without looking. "I'm not your enemy," she whispered with a little hope, then finally went to her knees next to Will.

"It's okay, dear, you'll be okay." Slowly, she stroked his bloody hair. Suppressing her own tears, Beverly helped him to let the dead body go. Alana slipped out of Will's embrace and he leaned toward Beverly like a beaten puppy.

"It's Alana," he sobbed into her ear. "I just killed Alana!"

"I know, but..." She was not sure what to say, how to make it seem less terrifying. "Hold on, Will."

"You shouldn't come here, Bev. He'll kill you."

"I'm gonna be fine." In fact, she felt a terrible tension in her nape. Beverly knew Hannibal moved closer, watching them carefully - considering.

"You know what's the worst? I liked it. I liked what I've done with Alana. I felt... Free. And I want to feel it again." Beverly pushed him away, just a bit to look straight into his eyes. She knew even before that they have changed forever.

"Go, Will. Leave with him," she repeated herself. But this time the answer should be different.

"Yes." Will downed his eyes and bit his lower lip. "Sorry for this..." Surprised *what* appeared only in her face when Will showed her down, making her head hit against the floor. Beverly's body shook and laid back against its cold surface. With still opened eyes she could see Hannibal right behind her, but could not move to do anything. Just a silent observer.

Hannibal reached for her but Will quickly lifted up and curled into Hannibal's arms. "She was right, we have to go. Now!"

The older vampire embraced his shoulder, surprised, mildly amazed. "Dear Will... We have to finish-" he could not finish even the sentence as Will pressed his lips against Hannibal's.

"No," he breathed out into Hannibal's mouth and kissed him once again. This time Hannibal kissed him back, tasting remains of blood from Will's tongue. He had to fight the urge to move back, or forward... Instead, Will just stood still until the kiss proceeded. "Let's go, I don't want to stay any longer. Please!" Hannibal looked once more time on unconscious Beverly. She knew too much, but... He could hear howling of police sirens in distance closing to the house. And there was a secret exit in the cellar, waiting for them two.

Hannibal nodded and led Will that way. Their new life was about to begin.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading this & for all the kudos & the comments! (feel free to add some more :D)

End Notes

Will be posting in short chapters - about 1,5 or 2 pages in Word, I'll try to be fast - like 1 per a day or two.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!